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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Selections from the Dispatches and General Orders of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood, Esquire to His Grace as Knight of the Bath. 8vo. pp. 939. London, 1841. Murray.

WHEN we had the honour to receive Colonel Gurwood's original work in thirteen volumes, we looked at its subject in all its important branches, and then cast a glance of absolute despair at a copy of our own little Journal which was lying on the table beside us. We never thought it seemed so very small before. We used to boast of how much it contained when collected at the end of the year, and really exhibiting typography to the extent of many goodly octavos; but we felt all our vanity in this respect vanish when we had in the same view the inestimable self-drawn illustration of the character of the Duke of Wellington, and the history of his glorious achievements during a period of prodigious events, unexampled in the annals of the civilised world. In fact, we shrunk from our allotted task, and were obliged simply to point out the publication as one which belonged not only to England and the present time, but to all nations and to all ages.

It was then the design struck us that the best method we could adopt to do something like justice to Col. Gurwood's labours would be to make a *cento*, ten times repeated, of some of the most prominent points he had recorded; and we proceeded to mark extracts and selections for that purpose. But we soon found that, in this way, our offering would be miserably insufficient; and at length we desisted. What is the result? Col. Gurwood has, in the solid tome now happily given to the world, done the very thing it was our wish to do; he has produced what ought to have, and would have been, a review of the *Literary Gazette*, if the *Literary Gazette* could have held such an abundance of interesting matter!

We have now, therefore, the less onerous duty of selecting from selections; and will preface it by very brief observations on the individual whose career is so illustriously developed in these memorials of his thoughts and deeds, under the most unusual and the most trying circumstances by which the heart and mind of man could be tested. Under all and in every case, we would venture to say that Wellington has shewn himself to be a person of the most perfect common sense, and a hero. In lesser affairs the former is his distinguishing attribute, and in greater concerns the latter. Traits of fine human feeling also adorn the character; and whilst our unbounded admiration is paid to the triumphant exploits of the mighty Captain, elevated where he looks like a Fate or a Deity, the softer lineaments of sympathy for sufferings inseparable from war,—of noble griefs for the loss of friends and companions slain,—of gentle and sound advice wheresoever his counsels were sought,—of strict, yet placable, honour,—of manly straightforwardness,—of truth and integrity, create, perhaps, warmer, though less exalted, sentiments of universal affection and veneration.

To us there appears to have been but one great deficiency in the immortal compound of a Wellington; we allude to his apparent distaste for, and dislike of, literature. Wonderful that a being so astute in all other respects should be so blind to the additional fame which a love of letters would have heaped upon his laurelled head,—that he who performed so many imperishable actions, should have been blind to the brightest radiance by which they could be attended and emblazoned now and for ever!!

We have carefully abstained in these few remarks from any allusion to the Duke's political course, because in our estimate of him it is not material whether or not he was always in the right. It altered not the quality of his mind; and though his forsaking of George Canning at a memorable crisis was fatal to the party whose opinions he upheld, we impute to him nothing beyond an error in judgment, such as every mortal man is liable to embrace,—only a proof that the strongest have their weaknesses, the wisest their mistakes, the greatest their imperfections, and the most virtuous their human failings.

We proceed to copy some passages the most applicable to all classes of readers, to exhibit that rare possession of sound practical common sense with which his grace seems to be gifted in so eminent a degree; leaving the dispatches and military and historical matters to be dwelt on in more appropriate places.

*Debt.*—In a letter to Sir J. Leith, who had received a lucrative appointment, the Duke says:—

"I have frequently heretofore given you a hint upon a subject, which I hope you will forgive me for taking the liberty of mentioning to you again. You have now been appointed to one of the most lucrative situations in the service; and I hope you will put your establishment on such a scale as that your holding it will be a permanent advantage to yourself and your family. You always told me that you were a good manager, of which I do not entertain the smallest doubt; but you may depend upon it that no management will make an income, however large, give a surplus, if the possessor of it does not take care to fix his expenses on the lowest scale that the nature of his situation will permit."

*The Press.*—"I enclose a number of a newspaper which has lately made its appearance; and I wish particularly to draw your attention to the paragraph inserted in the last page. The license to publish any thing upon military operations, whether true or not, which results from the liberty of the press, is a very great inconvenience, particularly to an army comparatively small, which must seize opportunities to avail itself of favourable circumstances, &c. &c. But that inconvenience is increased tenfold when a military official body publish a newspaper, containing statements and observations upon military transactions. Any editor may happen to stumble upon a fact or reasoning of which it would be important for the enemy to have information; but the Staff, the official editors, must be supposed to have the information which they publish. The contents of the paragraph marked in the enclosed paper

are positively false; but under existing circumstances, the publication is not less likely to have mischievous consequences than if the contents were true. There is no person who knows any thing of the state of affairs in this country, who doubts, that if the French believe that paragraph, and choose to make the exertion, they must prevent us from carrying into execution our design, whatever may be the extent of the force which I shall collect. Surely, therefore, it is worthy of the attention of the government at least to prevent official bodies from publishing such mischievous nonsense."

*The Miseries of War.* (Letter to Lord Liverpool.)—"I shall be sorry if government should think themselves under the necessity of withdrawing from this country, on account of the expense of the contest. From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his majesty's dominions. Then indeed would commence an expensive contest; then would his majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene; and I only hope that the king's government will consider well what I have above stated to your lordship; will ascertain as nearly as is in their power the actual expense of employing a certain number of men in this country beyond that of employing them at home or elsewhere; and will keep up their force here on such a footing as will at all events secure their possession without keeping the transports, if it does not enable their commander to take advantage of events, and assume the offensive."

*Characteristic.* (To Marshal Lord Beresford, G.C.B.)—"The battle of Waterloo was certainly the hardest fought that has been for many years, I believe, and has placed in the power of the Allies the most important results. We are throwing them away, however, by the infamous conduct of some of us; and I am sorry to add that our own government also are taking up a little too much the tone of their rascally newspapers. They are shifting their objects; and, having got their cake, they want to eat it and keep it. As for your Portuguese concerns, I recommend to you to resign and come away immediately. It is impossible for the British government to maintain British officers for the Portuguese army, at an expense even so trifling as it is, if the Portuguese government are to refuse to give the service of the army in the cause of Europe in any manner. Pitch them to the devil, then, in the mode which will be most dignified for yourself, and that which will have the best

effect in opening the Prince's eyes to the conduct of his servants in Portugal, and let the matter work its own way. Depend upon it, the British government must and will recall the British officers."

*A Battle like a Ball.* (To ———, Esq.)—"I have received your letter of the 2d, regarding the battle of Waterloo. The object which you propose to yourself is very difficult of attainment, and if really attained, is not a little invidious. The history of a battle is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at which, they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value or importance. Then the faults or the misbehaviour of some gave occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the cause of material losses; and you cannot write a true history of a battle without including the faults and misbehaviour of part at least of those engaged. Believe me that every man you see in a military uniform is not a hero; and that, although in the account given of a general action, such as that of Waterloo, many instances of individual heroism must be passed over unrelated, it is better for the general interests to leave those parts of the story untold, than to tell the whole truth. If, however, you should still think it right to turn your attention to this subject, I am most ready to give you every assistance and information in my power."

*Sound Sense versus Talents.*—"I entertain a very high opinion of ———'s talents; but he always appeared to me to want what is better than abilities, viz. sound sense. There is always some mistaken principle in what he does."

*Moderation.*—"When war is concluded, I am decidedly of opinion that all animosity should be forgotten."

*Anonymous Letters.*—"To send an anonymous letter to any body is to accuse him of writing it—the meanest action, certainly, of which any man can be guilty."

*English Tradesfolks.*—"We have been sadly delayed by the bridge, without which it is obvious we can do nothing. The equipment is quite new, and has marched only from Abrantes; but there has already been much breakage, and I understand that the carriages are shamefully bad. The truth is, that English tradesmen, particularly contractors, are become so dishonest, that no reliance can be placed on any work, particularly in iron, done by contract. I have the same complaint of some carts made for the commissariat; eighteen out of twenty-five of which broke on a good road, without loads, in eighty miles. I shall have sad work with this bridge throughout the campaign, and yet we can do nothing without it."

With these very inconsiderable examples of various kinds we must be content; and we are the more readily reconciled to their scantiness on account of our certainty that few who can obtain it will be without possessing the work itself.

*The Philosophy of Mystery.* By W. Cooper Dendy, Fellow and Honorary Librarian of the Medical Society of London, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 443. London, 1841. Longman and Co.

So prone is the human mind to superstition, that we know of no class of writing so generally popular as that which reveals or discusses stories of ghosts, witches, fairies, demons, dreams, and other illusions which disturb the senses and

perplex the reason. The well-attested tales of apparitions, of prophecies fulfilled, of warnings, and all the phantasies that have attended these supernatural events, are by some considered to be proofs of the weakness of our intellects; whilst others (and many of them of no mean authority as would regard their other endowments) are not slow to maintain that there may be, both in heaven and earth, things above our capacity to understand, and such as are not dreamt of in our philosophy. Between the two Mr. Dendy has taken his station; and though he has gone into numerous explanations which assign natural causes for these mysteries, we come at the end to the conclusion that both sides may continue to hold their own opinions, the one in the belief and the other in the disbelief of immaterial agencies. Such being our author's case, far be from us the attempt to reconcile the opposition. If we have a leaning either way, it is rather towards the credulous; not so much from a conviction of its being right and true, but from a notion that it is better for mankind to believe too much than too little—to be more inclined to faith than to scepticism. What serious ill, for instance, can result from a fear of spectres? Some children may be frightened with bugaboo, and grown-up people of weak nerves may prefer sun or candle, or even rush-light, to the shadows of night and blackness of darkness; but this very dread speaks of a sort of moral control over them which would prevent their committing bad actions to make these dim periods more horrible. Whistling a jig through a churchyard in the dusk may be indecorous, and out of character with the place; and starting at the flittings of a bat, or jumping almost out of your skin at the awful appeal of the noiseless-flighted owl, may be ridiculous; but no harm is done, and the beating heart soon regains its tranquil pulsation. And so we might argue through the whole train of credulity; whereas, on the other hand, the hardness of unbelief shews a desperate nature, not movable by common affections, priding itself in superior wisdom, and claiming to be above the mortal imperfections of this world. Those who have not a tremble for the unrealities of life are likely to entertain but little sympathy for life's sad realities. Well, then, let us have the errant principle, and confess

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

We have not said a word on the score of the universal feeling of Curiosity. What would not one give for an hour's *lôte-à-lôte* with a genuine and well-informed ghost, comfortably seated, if in the summer time, on a soft bank, under an umbrageous tree, at the hour

"When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead;"

or, if in winter, in your quiet study, yourself in an antique arm-chair, and the phantom in another? Not to mention the intelligence you might seek respecting that other and invisible world, but which your visitor might not be permitted to divulge, only imagine a fine old Spirit describing to you in detail the landing of the Conqueror and battle of Hastings; the meeting at Runnymede and signing of Magna Charta; a progress of Queen Bess; or, in short, any other remarkable affair before the invention of newspapers. What could be more instructive and delightful? When, like Hamlet, you could take the ghost's word for the most minute particular, and become a historian or a poet far above all that had ever wielded the pen of the former or the imagination of the latter, or (we say it aside) the imagination of the former or the pen of the latter.

Then, again, if one could obtain access, were it but for one charming moonlit evening, to a Fairy ring,—the only interesting or laudable ring of the Fancy,—and learn the secrets of the tiny powers, why, one would sacrifice a score of years' dramatic entertainments of every sort for that single night's revel. And, besides, an acquaintance, however slight, with genii (being yourself a bit of a genius); or dwarfs, always clever; or pre-Adamites, who must have a good deal of *new* to tell; or pookas, or pixies, or mermaids, or any member of the multitudinous phalanx who fill the space of our sphere, must be reckoned an enjoyment the more to be coveted because it is the less probable to be accomplished. We may sigh for it in vain; and, having done so, descend to the revelations of Mr. Dendy.

In searching for causes in the eccentricities of Nature alone, one of his interlocutors says:—

"On this scroll I have sketched an arrangement of phantoms, or ghosts, in two grand classes:—

<i>Ghosts of the Mind's Eye, or Phantasma.</i>	
Illusive perception, or ocular spectra.	Conversion of natural objects into phantoms.
Illusive conception, or spectral illusion.	Creation of phantoms.
<i>Ghosts of the Eye, or Optical Illusion.</i>	
Atmospheric.	Refraction.
Gases.	Reflection.
Lenses and mirrors.	
Disease of the eye.	

In the first class there is no real or palpable object, or, if there be, it is not what it appears; the illusion is but the reality of romance, depending altogether on excited or disordered conditions of the mind,—the source, therefore, either of bright or gloomy phantoms, as the mood may be. On this scroll I have recorded those moods of mind which, excited by memory or association, or influenced by such casualties as solitude, moonlight darkness, or localities of interest, or the poring over tales of horror at midnight, may be considered the predisposing causes of illusion. Such are:—

*Temperament.*  
Credulity, enthusiasm, superstition, timidity, imagination, poetic frenzy.

*Excitement.*  
Sympathy, exalted joy, deep grief, love, hatred, protracted anxiety, delirium of fever, delirium of alcohol, delirium of narcotics, exhaustion, disease of the brain.

The second class, which are spectres or ghosts of the eye, may be scientifically explained by the laws which govern the material world. These are the only substantial ghosts which I can grant to my friend. The objects themselves exist, and are exactly as they appear. The philosopher regards them as interesting exceptions to general rules, from peculiar combinations of natural causes. The unlearned will term them preternatural phenomena, simply because they are of uncommon occurrence. But which among the works of divine creation is not a phenomenon? We may think we know a law of nature, but can we analyse it? Novelty and magnitude astonish, but that which is familiar excites not our surprise. We gaze with delight on the progress of an eclipse; we watch with wonder the eccentric course of the comet; but we look on the sun in its meridian glory with a cold and apathetic indifference. Yet do they all alike display Divine Omnipotence, and the expansion of a vegetable germ, the bursting of a flower, is as great a miracle as the overwhelming of a deluge, the annihilation of a mighty world. To discriminate between these classes is not difficult: we may prove their nature by simple experiment. Optical illusions will be doubled by a straining or altering of the axes of the eyes; and, by turn-

ing round, as they are removed from the axis of vision, they will disappear. So, indeed, will those of the second class, which are real objects converted into phantoms by mental excitement or disorder. But in the purely metaphysical ghost or phantom, the change of position or locality will not essentially dispel the illusion (the spectrum following, as it were, the motion of the eye); because it exists in the mind itself, either as a faint or transient idea, or a mere outline, fading perhaps in a brighter light, or as the more permanent and confirmed impression of insanity (unchanged even by 'brilliant glare'), or from the day-dream of the castle-builder, to the deep and dreadful delusion of the maniac. Among the mute productions of nature, there are eccentricities and rarities, which, in default of analysis or explanation, would not fail of being referred to some supernatural agency: as Leo Afer, according to Burton, accounts for the swarms of locusts once descending at Fez, in Barbary, and at Arles, in France, in 1553. 'It could not be from natural causes; they cannot imagine whence they come, but from heaven. Are these and such creatures, corn, wood, stones, worms, wool, blood, &c. lifted up into the middle region by the sunbeams, as Barcellus the physician disputes, and thence let fall with showers, or there engendered? Cornelius Gemma is of that opinion, they are there conceived by celestial influences: others suppose they are immediately from God, or prodigies raised by arts and allusions of spirits which are princes of the ayre.' Over Languedoc there once burst an awful and supernatural cloud, from which fell immense snow-flakes like glittering stars. There is nothing strange in this, for the shape of the snow-flake is ever that of an asteroid. But then there came pouring down gigantic hail-stones, with their glassy surface impressed with the figures of helmets, and swords, and scutcheons. This too may be the effect of very sudden and irregular congelation; but this law was not known, and therefore its result was a mystery. Among the wonders seen by the great traveller, Pietro della Vella, was the bleeding cypress-tree, which shadows the tomb of Cyrus, in Italy. Under the hollow of its boughs, in his day, it was lighted with lamps and was consecrated as an oratory. To this shrine resorted many a devout pilgrim, impressed with a holy belief in the miracle. And what was this but the glutinous crimson fluid, exuding from the diseased alburnum of a tree, which the woodmen indeed term bleeding, but which the ancient Turks affirmed, or believed, to be converted on every Friday into drops of real blood? The red snow, which is not uncommon in the arctic regions, is thus tinted by very minute cryptogamic plants; and the fairy ring is but a circle of herbage poisoned by a fungus. In Denbighshire (I may add) the prevalent belief is, that the shivering of the aspen is from sympathy with that tree in Palestine, which was hewn into the true cross. The simple stratification of vapours, especially during sudden transitions of temperature, may produce very interesting optical phenomena; not by refraction or reflection, but merely by partial obscuration of an object. We have examples of these illusive spectra in the gigantic icebergs seen by Captain Scoresby, and other arctic voyagers, which assumed the shape of towers, and spires, and cathedrals, and obelisks, that were constantly displacing each other in whimsical confusion and endless variety, like the figures of a kaleidoscope. Phipps thus describes their majestic beauty: 'The ice that had parted from the main body, they had now

time to admire, as it no longer obstructed their course; the various shapes in which the broken fragments appeared were indeed very curious and amusing. One remarkable piece described a magnificent arch, so large and completely formed, that a sloop of considerable burden might have sailed through it without lowering her masts. Another represented a church, with windows, pillars, and domes.' We may scarcely wonder at the mystifications of nature, when she assumes these gorgeous eccentricities, as have been witnessed also in the barren steppes of the Caraccas, on the Orinoko, where the palm-groves appear to be cut asunder; in the Llanos, where chains of hills appear suspended in the air, and rivers and lakes to flow on arid sand; in the lake of the Gazelles, seen by the Arabs and the African traveller; and the lakes seen by Captain Munday, during his tour in India. The very clearness of the atmosphere, like that which floats around the Rhine, renders distance especially distinct; but mountainous regions, from the attraction of electric clouds, afford the highest examples of atmospheric beauty and effect. London and other cities, however crowded with lofty buildings, are not deficient in these aerial illusions. Even from the bridge of Blackfriars I have seen a cumulo stratus cloud so strangely intersect the steeples and the giant chimneys of London, as distinctly to represent a sea-port, with its vessels and distant mountains. We have among us several minor illusions, which are only less imposing because more familiar; and though often occurring, few are recorded with scientific accuracy."

Mr. Dendy goes at length into many other natural appearances, to which, however, we must refer the reader, whilst we select a few curious passages to illustrate other divisions of his interesting treatise. On the prophecies of spectres he states:—

"From Dr. Pritchard I quote this fragment:—'A maid-servant, who lived in the house of an elderly lady, some years since deceased, had risen early on a winter's morning, and was employed in washing, by candle-light, the entry of the house; when she was greatly surprised at seeing her mistress, who was then in a precarious state of health, coming down stairs in her night-dress. The passage being narrow, she rose up to let her mistress pass, which the latter did with a hasty step, and walked into the street, appearing, to the terrified imagination of the girl, to pass through the door without opening it. The servant related the circumstance to the son and daughter of the lady as soon as they came down stairs, who desired her to conceal it from their mother, and anxiously waited for her appearance. The old lady entered the room while they were talking of the incident, but appeared languid and unwell, and complained of having been disturbed by an alarming dream. She had dreamed that a dog had pursued her from her chamber down the staircase and along the entry, and that she was obliged to take refuge in the streets.'"

Respecting poetic frenzy, the following is a singular and absurd statement:—

"Cheromania is the first form of monomania, or the madness of one idea; and this is marked by cheerfulness and splendid ideas, which, indeed, often tend to mitigate the melancholy scenes of derangement, as if 'the light that led astray was light from heaven.' I will illustrate this by repeating to you the letter to his brother, of a young officer, whose progressive changes of mind, from excitement to confirmed mania, it was my duty to watch over:—

"December 4th, 1832.  
"To —, Esq. — I am Lord President of the Council, a most honorable situation, and the richest gift of the Crown, which brings me in seven thousand pounds every year. The Council consists of Three Secretaries of State, of which I am one; and the Paymaster of the Forces. When the King William the fourth shall die, then shall be crowned King of England, and be crowned in Westminster Abbey, By The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. I shall on the occasion of my coronation have placed in the different street of London one thousand pipes of wine for my people, and at night in the of Hyde the Park a magnificent display of Fireworks, and one hundred pieces of Artillery shall fire three rounds for the amusement of my people and subjects. I have only now to give you a list of my titles and honors:—

"King of England, First Heir Presumptive to the Crown, Major-General and Field Marshal, Duke of Leitzep, Prince of Denmark, Lord President of the Council, Knight Banneret, Lord Treasurer of the Exchequer, Lieutenant-Colonel —, Lord and Baronet, Aid de Camp to the King, Champion of England.

"Dear —, I wish to acquaint you that Windsor Castle belongs to me, that the palace of Brighton also belongs to me, also I purchased from the Duke of Wellington the splendid park and Palace of Stratfieldsea, wherein there are very extensive Forests of Oak and of Pines trees, together with a magnificent sheet of Water containing Ells and Salmon Trout. Dear —, I have to beg that you give my love and duty to your wife—and give this letter to read, I pray you, according to my desire and wish."

"I may tell you that the very onset of frenzy is often but an elevated spirit of poesy, in which brilliancy and judgment shall be companions; but, like Æsop's bow, the mind shall be warped and wrung by being constantly bent on its subject; and thus the source of brilliancy and wit may be the source of madness. A change of subject will often do much to unbend such a mind, as a change of posture will relieve muscular fatigue, or as a sudden impression of fear or fright has thwarted a suicide on the moment of his self-attempt. Indeed mania will often appear to induce an almost inspired talent, which, I may hint to you, may be explained by the oxygenising of the blood in the brain."

Of mysterious forms and signs we are told:—  
"Before an heir of Clifton of Clifton sleeps in death, a sturgeon is always, it is affirmed, taken in the river Trent. This incident, like many others, becomes important from its consequence. The park of Chartley is a wild and romantic spot, in its primitive state, untouched by the hand of the agriculturist, and was formerly attached to the royal forest of Needwood, and the honour of Tutbury, of the whole of which the ancient family of De Ferrars were once the puissant lords. Their immense possessions, now forming part of the duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited by the attainder of Earl Ferrars, after his defeat at Burton Bridge, where he led the rebellious barons against Henry III. The Chartley estate, being settled in dower, was alone reserved, and handed down to its present possessor. In the park is preserved, in its primitive purity, the indigenous Staffordshire cow, small in stature, of a sand-white colour, with black ears, muzzle, and tips at the hoofs. In the year of the battle of Burton Bridge, a black calf was born, and the downfall of the great house of Ferrars happening at the same period, gave rise to the tradition, which to this day has been held in veneration."

ration by the common people, that the birth of a party-coloured calf from the wild breed in Chartley Park, is a sure omen of death within the same year to a member of the lord's family. A calf of this description has been born whenever a death has happened in the family of late years. The decease of the last earl and his countess, of his son Lord Tamworth, of his daughter Mrs. William Jolliffe, as well as the deaths of the son and heir of the present nobleman and his daughter, Lady Frances Shirley, have each been forewarned by the ominous birth of a spotted calf. In the spring of a late year, an animal perfectly black was calved by one of this weird tribe, in the park of Chartley, and this birth also has been followed by the death of the countess."

Of mysterious sounds there is a curious example, relating to a young person named Richmond, examined at a philosophical *soirée* :—

"When Richmond sat himself to perform, we heard a subdued murmur in his throat for about half-a-minute, when suddenly a sound issued of the most exquisite and perfect melody, closely resembling, but exceeding in delicacy, the finest musical box. The mouth was widely open, and the performance was one of considerable effort. The sounds were a mystery to us at the time, for they were perfectly unique, and are yet not satisfactorily explained. It is decided, however, by some, that the upper opening of the windpipe may be considered as a Jew's-harp, or *Æolina*, of very exquisite power, behind the cavity of the mouth, instead of being placed between the teeth."

On the subject of mysterious sounds, we could ourselves tell the tale of a remarkable coincidence, but we reserve it for our anteposthumous-biography, if ever that extraordinary production sees the light; and pass to a coincidence of dreaming :—

"There were two sisters, who (as a learned physician has recorded) were sleeping together during the illness of their brother. One of these ladies dreamed that her watch, an old family relic, had stopped; and, on waking her sister to tell of this, she was answered by her thus: 'Alas! I have worse to tell you: our brother's breath is also stopped.' On the following night, the same dream was repeated to the young lady. On the morning after this second dream, the lady, on taking out the watch, which had been perfect in its movement, observed that it had indeed stopped, and at the same moment she heard her sister screaming; the brother, who had been till then apparently recovering, had just breathed his last."

The influence of dark blood on the brain in producing strange effects, is shewn in an amusing chapter, of which the following is a small portion :—

"There was, in 1821, at Montpellier, a woman who had lost part of the skull, and the brain and its membranes lay bare. When she was in deep sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless; when she was dreaming, it became elevated; and when her dreams (proved by her relating them when awake) were on vivid or animating subjects, but especially when she was awake, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture. Blumenbach states that he, himself, witnessed in one person a sinking of the brain whenever he was asleep, and a swelling with blood when he awoke. David Hartley, therefore, may be half right and half wrong when he imputes dreams to an impediment to the flow of blood, a collapse of the ventricles, and a diminished quantity of their contained serum. We thus have

not only a deficiency of proper stimulus, but a deleterious condition of the blood, which acts as a poison to the brain. In fatal cases of coma and delirium, we observe deep red points, chiefly in the cineritious part of the brain, from this congestion of its vessels. Sound sleep is thus prevented; but the congestion of carbonised blood acting as a sort of narcotic, depresses the energy of the brain so far as to prevent waking, inducing that middle state, drowsiness or slumber; so that sleep may thus depend on congestion from exhaustion, and 'spectral illusion' from congestion in that state short of slumber; and insanity, itself, from congestion still more copious and permanent. From this results a disturbed condition of the brain; it is irritated, not excited, by its healthy or proper stimulus; and it follows that such derangement of the manifestations of mind ensues as we term a dream. Waking, however, soon takes place, and the blood is more scarlet, and the faculties themselves gradually awake. As this is more perfect we remember the dream, and are enabled to explain it, and know that it was a dream. The mind is now restored, so that scarlet blood indicates healthy thought, and black blood its reverse."

Of night-mare :—

"Er. Sounds, also, may be partly associated with the dream at waking, and with reality, when awake. Under this illusive impression, even murder has been innocently committed, on one, who waked, and stabbed his brother at the moment he was dreaming of assassins. *Cast*. And so may be explained, I suppose, this funny anecdote. A young lover was drooping into a day-dream, while sitting with his brothers and sisters, and his thoughts had turned on the cruelty of his mistress. He was for a moment dreaming of her, when pussy, stretching her paws, scratched his leg with a claw: there was an instant association, I presume, of the wound with the lady's cruelty, for he started and exclaimed, 'Oh Arabella, don't!'"

We close with an anecdote of somnambulism, vouched for by the author :—

"A butcher's boy, about sixteen years old, apparently in perfect health, after dozing a few minutes in his chair, suddenly started up, and began to employ himself about his usual avocations. He had saddled and mounted his horse, and it was with the greatest difficulty that those around him could remove him from the saddle, and carry him within doors. While he was held in the chair by force, he continued violently the actions of kicking, whipping, and spurring. His observations regarding orders from his master's customers, the payment at the turnpike-gate, &c. were seemingly rational. The eyes, when opened, were perfectly sensible to light. It appears that flagellation, even, had no effect in restoring the patient to a proper sense of his condition. The pulse in this case was 130, full and hard; on the abstraction of thirty ounces of blood it sunk to 80, and diaphoresis ensued. After labouring under this phrensy for the space of an hour, he became sensible; was astonished at what he was told had happened, and stated that he recollected nothing subsequent to his having fetched some water, and moved from one chair to another, which, indeed, he had done immediately before his delirium came on."

We have abstained from touching on the fruitful themes of phrenology, mesmerism, magnetism, *et hoc genus omne*; and have merely to finish our pleasant task with cordially recommending this pleasant octavo.

*Comic Tales and Sketches*. Edited and Illustrated by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, author of "The Paris Sketch-book," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Cunningham.

As these facetious lucubrations of the distinguished author have already appeared in popular and widely-circulated periodicals, our only office is to notice the humour of some of their pencil illustrations, and to quote the preface of congenial merriment, which tells of their preceding whereabouts, and introduces them duly in their collected form :—

"A custom which the publishers have adopted of late cannot be too strongly praised, both by authors of high repute, and by writers of no repute at all; viz. the custom of causing the works of unknown literary characters to be 'edited' by some person who is already a favourite with the public. The labour is not so difficult as at first may be supposed. A publisher writes, 'My dear Sir,—Enclosed is a draft on Messrs. So-and-so: will you edit Mr. What-d'y-call-em's book?' The well-known author says, 'My dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of so much, and will edit the book with pleasure.' And the book is published; and from that day until the end of the world the well-known author never hears of it again, except he has a mind to read it, when he orders it from the circulating library. This little editorial fiction is one which can do harm to nobody in the world, and only good to the young author so introduced; for who would notice him in such a great, crowded, bustling world, unless he came provided with a decent letter of recommendation? Thus Captain Peter Simple brought forward the ingenious writer of 'Rattlin the Reeper'; thus Mr. William Harrison Rookwood took Dr. Bird by the hand; thus the famous Mr. Theodore Eye lately patronised the facetious Peter Priggins, whose elegant tales of Oxford life must have charmed many thousand more persons than ever will read this 'Preface.' Take one more instance:—The History of Needlework in all Ages; a book of remarkable interest, and exciting to a delirious pitch. Many people now would have passed over the book altogether, who, when they saw that it was 'edited' by a Countess, instantly looked out her ladyship's name in the 'Peerage,' and ordered the work from Ebers'. When there came to be a question of republishing the tales in these volumes, the three authors, Major Gahagan, Mr. Fitzroy Yellowplush, and myself, had a violent dispute upon the matter of editing; and at one time we talked of editing each other all round. The toss of a halfpenny, however, decided the question in my favour; and I shall be very glad, in a similar manner, to 'edit' any works, of any author, on any subject, or in any language whatever. Mr. Yellowplush's 'Memoirs' appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and have been reprinted accurately from that publication. The elegance of their style made them excessively popular in America, where they were reprinted more than once. Major Gahagan's 'Reminiscences,' from the 'New Monthly Magazine,' were received by our American brethren with similar piratical honours; and the editor has had the pleasure of perusing them likewise in the French tongue. To translate Yellowplush was more difficult; but Dr. Strumpff, the celebrated Sanskrit Professor in the University of Bonn, has already deciphered the ten first pages, has compiled a copious vocabulary and notes, has separated the mythic from the historical part of the volume, and discovered that it is, like Homer, the work of many ages and persons. He de-

clares the work to be written in the Cocknial dialect; but, for this and other conjectures, the reader is referred to his Essay. 'The Bedford-Row Conspiracy,' also, appeared in the 'New Monthly Magazine;' and the reader of French novels will find that one of the tales of the ingenious M. Charles de Bernard is very similar to it in plot. As M. de Bernard's tale appeared before the 'Conspiracy,' it is very probable that envious persons will be disposed to say, that the English author borrowed from the French one; a matter which the public is quite at liberty to settle as it chooses. The history of the 'The Fatal Boots' formed part of 'The Comic Almanack' three years since; and if the author has not ventured to make designs for it, as for the other tales in the volumes, the reason is, that the 'Boots' have been already illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank, a gentleman with whom Mr. Titmarsh does not quite wish to provoke comparisons. In the title-page, the reader is presented with three accurate portraits of the authors of these volumes. They are supposed to be marching hand-in-hand, and are just on the very brink of immortality.

"Paris, April 1, 1841."

Much as we disapprove of the system of giving connected narratives first in numbers, and then as separate publications, the two methods being incompatible, since the readily divisible must be ill adapted for the continuous, we are always well pleased to see such papers as are here described, separated from their quondam associates, and preserved alone in their glory. The lovers of fun, laughter, and amusing satire, will do well to become proprietors of Mr. Titmarsh's volumes.

*The Election: a Poem. In Seven Books.*

Pp. 139. London, 1841. Murray.

CLEVER, satirical, and poetical, reminding us sometimes of Pope, and more frequently of Crabbe, this little volume exposes a set of electioneering juggles, and political corruption, which, if ever they existed (except in the fancy of the bard), must have existed at a period previous to the Reform Bill, by which elections were completely purified, and electors made quite honest, independent, and virtuous. What a shocking state of things it must have been, when such characters as knavish and intriguing attorneys, political adventurers, and selfish pretenders to patriotism, could have the principal parts to act in the formation of a legislature upon which the destinies of the country, and the welfare of millions, should depend! How consolatory it is to believe that all such wicked personages have vanished from the scene, and all such abominable practices been utterly abolished,—

"Redeunt Saturnia regna, et cetera."

Well, in those distant times sung by our author, matters were conducted in a shocking manner; and if they are now exposed, it must be as a warning against the possibility of a relapse into the same disease. But the piece opens finely, in reference to another theme—the invocation runs thus:—

"In some high region dwells a Muse whose aid  
Helps modern geniuses to drive their trade,  
To circulating libraries impart  
A spell commanding countless pen and hearts,  
And spreads o'er just three volumes sibiline,  
The hero's costs and passions, words and wine.  
Could I her influence feel, 'twere mine to show  
How Louis and Tallons rule this world below;  
How youths at Clubs, while sipping coffee, solve  
The questions polants through long lives revolve;  
What love-sick pangs, how bravely borne, convulse  
The newest gold-flowered waistcoats made by Stultz;  
How ghosts in gauze with poisoned fruit-knife stab  
E'en him who drives a cornetted cab;

And fiends perfumed, not sulphurous, teach despair,  
To souls that dine at eight in Belgrave Square.

But too refined the song that scales the heaven  
Of evening breakfasts, and Hyde Park at seven;  
And dares recount what metaphysical shocks  
Invade the bright world of an Opera-box;  
And draws its tones of mystical delight,  
From well-bred London's long Walpurgis-night.  
Not Fashion's Muse in lace and pearl awakes  
My rhapsody, but one that brews and bakes;  
A dowdy goddess in a printed gown,  
Records the simple tale of Ateborough town."

Herein dwells two rival attorneys, who, a vacancy in the representation having occurred, take opposite sides. One is thus portrayed:—

"The Reds' grave Nestor he, a man scolded  
As ever filed a bill, or ruled a State,—  
Whose look with dreadful mystery surrounds  
His sixty years, and sixty thousand pounds.  
Tall as a whipping-post was he, like that  
Suggested fear, and was averse from fat;  
His brow was stamped in hard reflection's mint,  
His eyes gained meaning from an inward squint;  
His nose a hook with rigid menace hung  
Above the close-shut grate that barred his tongue,  
And short-cut durt and grizzled locks austere  
Seemed whispering craft to each large listening ear.  
Thus harsh and withered look'd the man whose thought  
Like fire in dry wood now so fiercely wrought,  
For he was one who scorned that Jews profane  
Should beat true Christians in the arts of gain."

The room he sat in, low, secure, and dark,  
Itself expressed the soul of Samuel Spark.  
Tin boxes there, and dusty books of law,  
Struck simple souls with deep, suspicious awe;  
And parchments old with faded curtains screen'd,  
Might pass for ancient compacts with the fiend.  
A table once bedecked with verdant baize—  
Now withered brown by years and Samuel's gaze,  
A straight-backed chair for thirty winters press'd  
By one whose mighty spirit mock'd at rest,  
An inkstand ever furnished from below  
With Stygian streams, the fount of mortal woe,—  
All this were trivial in another place,  
But here gained import from the owner's face.  
Lord Camden's portrait, and a county map,  
Were hung as baits within an iron trap;  
And one dull candle filled with spectral gloom  
Floor, wall, and ceiling of the attorney's room."

His rival, Whisk, is equally well drawn; but one portrait must suffice; and we copy a more general sketch of London, given by the hero of the tale:—

"A merchant's son, in London born and bred,  
On that wide sea my boyish sails I spread,  
And learnt to stem those tides without a shore,  
Still rushing endless as Niagara's roar.  
There scethe, 'mid palaces, gaols, churches, matts,  
A million human fates, tongues and hearts;  
There told of hand and brain that might suffice  
To make earth heaven, but earns a slavish price;  
And painful thought but heaps the daily feast  
Of drunken ease, a god that serves a beast;  
While clear calm reason, and the pure delight  
Of graceful arts, and the free spirit's flight,  
Fall in that hell of pain and pleasure. There  
I dwell a boy, and breathed life's morning air."

A close mixture of ludicrous with fine and touching ideas prevails in this production, and is not always agreeable to the taste, though smartly enough done almost to obtain pardon for the incongruity. The return to an elegant mansion on the banks of the Thames, with its furniture for sale, the scene of early love and happiness, is in better feeling:—

"The gates were now thrown back; a printed bill  
Announced a sale, and all might pass at will.  
But now 'twas early morn, and I alone  
Was there to see those glories overthrow:  
The marble Muses, from their homes displaced,  
Stood on the lawn, a prize for men of taste,  
As if their inspiration could be bought.  
And seemed to droop in sad and songless thought.  
The Busts of Homer and of Cicero lay  
Together, ready to be packed away  
At some barbarian's word; and every room  
Was opened wide to meet the coming doom."

I wandered then there dreaming, while anew  
Poor Emma's childhood rose before my view;  
And now a mirror would her form restore,  
And now her light step thrill the corridor.  
The well-known pictures hung for sale: one place  
Was blank, and that her portrait used to grace,  
A seven-years-old Titania—still she smiled  
On me from that bare wall, a fairy child.  
There too was her piano, ne'er again  
To yield beneath her hand its plaintive strain;  
But, ah! from it an endless mass of songs

Came back, that even still its wall prolongs  
Within my breast. That hush! dearest Ann,  
Might well have won to good a worthless man,  
I found the books the same that she and I  
Had read together, words that cannot die,  
Though her sweet sound is mute; in Spenser's Lay  
Was still her mark, a light verbera spray,  
Una's memorial, but ah! where was now  
Her hand that fondly wreathed of old my brow?  
Her spirit thus in memory's twilight glade  
Beside me sat, and I like her a shade;  
She still a child in aspect, with a look  
Of love that seemed all Being's infinite book."

This touching description is, however, given in a strange and inappropriate place, viz., to a second love whilst running away with her in a post-chaise! The following declaration of liberal politics is well expressed, and does credit to the publisher's liberality. It is part of the speech of one of the candidates for Ateborough:—

"I love the constitution, yet maintain  
'Tis far too mild tow'rds all who dare complain.  
These men would eat their grandmothers alive,  
As if such food could make a Christian thrive;  
And she, dear lady! rightly might devour  
The traitors first, but they're a dish too sour.  
Our boast is, 'British Freedom'; no one here  
Needs learn, work, dress, or eat from slavish fear.  
The rich their daily joint in freedom carve;  
The poorest men in equal freedom starve;  
And he who naked in a ditch expires,  
Yet dies with freedom like his freeborn sires.  
Be this our pride! and be it ours to guard  
The Sacred Rights that fools would fain discard.  
I ask, has earth a spot where laws abound  
So many, curious, ample, and profound?  
Where lawyers never strain their private wit  
To ask what's reason, but proclaim what's wit?  
Where else are all men equal, save that one  
Has lands and houses, and another none?—  
A difference betwixt the mean and great,  
Which Heaven itself forbids to violate."

I also love the Church that claims our awe  
Tow'rds holy Truth by force of Statute Law,  
And helps free grace to gain the soul's assent,  
And cleanse our sins by Act of Parliament;  
A loyal Church, that keeps the rich and poor  
Duly apart, nor blends the lord and boor."

'Tis sweet to witness news nor mean nor scant  
For those who pay—free seats for those who can't;  
To hear a Priest too polished to be proud,  
A gentleman set up to teach the crowd;  
Not puff'd by rabble votes to Wisdom's chair,  
But by superior judgment settled there,  
And so discreetly teaching all to chuse  
The path their betters fain would have them use."

Thus, in a phrase but seldom heard of late,  
My thoughtful friends, I stick to Church and State;  
The State, that guards our rights, and lives, and cash,  
And scorns all change as impudent and rash;  
The Church, that one day out of every seven  
Throws wide the tuneful between us and Heaven:  
Such help our ancestors to all supply,  
Alike to those who live and those who die;  
And none who trust in British Laws can miss  
Terrestrial freedom and eternal bliss."

We conclude with three bits of Crabbinism:—

"Too timid she,  
Her years too few, her fate too little free;  
But still I staid in England, dared not cope  
Against despair, still tracked the ghost of hope,  
And still this various world of living power  
Was one snow-waste, and she the only flower."

And looked at thoughtless men with thoughtful eyes."

Rap—rap—re-rap—upon his outward door,  
Enough to break a mammoth's fossil snore;  
And, blending with the terror of his dream,  
It made him almost pray, and quite blasphemous."

Need we repeat that the author possesses both talent and poetry?

*The Epicure's Almanac; or, Diary of Good Living, &c.: the Result of Actual Experience.* By Benson E. Hill, author of "Recollections of an Artillery Officer," "A Pinch of Snuff," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 172. London, 1841. How and Parsons.

"*Pan shall remain*," says Midas, in the famous burletta which goes by his name; and that it, or he, may remain in favour, Mr. Hill has given us a choice cookery receipt, or a shrewd hint, for every day in the year, January 1st to December 31st, in this small but nice volume. He tells us how he acquired his learning in the

art, and tries a joke or two upon the old books (Pref. viii.) which do not add to our gusto any more than the quotation page 53, for we hold that the most fastidious delicacy ought to pervade a work upon so delicate a subject as the preparation and presentation of viands for the consumption of refined gourmets. Passing over these little inelegancies,\* however, we have a word of deserved commendation to bestow on these directions for the making of many a savoury and useful dish. The author has not copied and compiled; but in truth, given a number of receipts, original compositions in the art *savoir vivre*, which are well worthy the attention of housekeepers and the kitchen servants in genteel families. Of these we transcribe half-a-dozen specimens, from which an idea may be formed of the merits of the whole:—

**"Sweet Bread."**—Is usually boiled and served with parsley and butter, and in this form an excellent and delicate dish for a valetudinarian. If, however, you desire to have something more savoury at your board, let the sweet bread be well secured with small twine, and roast it before a good bright fire, taking care that it be constantly basted with plenty of fresh butter, and that you allow it twenty-five minutes or half an hour."

**"York-house Ham."**—Any person who has breakfasted, lunched, dined, or supped at the York-house, Bath, if ham formed part of the repast, could not fail to be struck with its peculiarly fine flavour. The late Mr. Reilly was so obliging as to impart to me the secret by which his hams had obtained such celebrity, and I have now the satisfaction of giving it to the public. After being well cleaned in fair water, and all the exterior dirt, salt, &c., removed by a scrubbing-brush, the ham was soaked in warm water sufficiently long to remove the outside skin; then trimmed, placed in a large stewpan, and slowly cooked, but not in water,—and here lies the secret,—the liquid used for the purpose was Sweet Wort. The effect produced on the meat, both in firmness and flavour, was absolutely superior to the *mis-application* of Champagne. I have eaten in France ham boiled in this expensive wine, and can only observe that, in my poor thinking, it was a wicked waste of a most delicious creature-comfort."

**"Soluble Cayenne."**—All true gourmants acknowledge the supremacy of cayenne as the first of peppers; but it is very annoying to have a particle of this delicious stimulant 'stick in your throat,' like Macbeth's 'Amen,' detaching itself from the sauce, fish, or meat, to which it had been applied. To avoid such drawback on the pleasure of the table, I recommend the adoption of this simple plan:—Infuse an ounce of genuine cayenne in boiling water, enough to cover it; let it stand on the hob for a couple of hours, and then pour the liquor through a fine sieve upon an ounce of basket-salt in a soup-plate; cover this down and let it cool. You will find the new crystals have absorbed the liquid, and they can be rubbed up to any size required, and placed in your cruet-stand, with the advantage that the new grains will dissolve, and are free from the husk and seed of the pepper-pod. It may be well to observe, that whenever cayenne pepper is mentioned in these pages, the soluble preparation is intended to be used.

**"A West India Experience."**—If suffering from dyspepsia, and disposed for a glass of

\* And also the quadrumanous misnomer of *wings* of a hare (page 3), though it may be cook's phraseology for the shoulders, and cooks are not always accomplished naturalists.—Ed.

punch, add a clove or two of preserved ginger and a little of the syrup to your drink; and, my word for it, you will find yourself better in the morning.

**"Boiled Fowl and Oyster Sauce."**—A large bladder, which has been properly seasoned with the liquor of boiled meat, mutton broth, or beef tea, and thus rendered applicable for culinary purposes, may be advantageously used in dressing the above. Having your fowl properly trussed, let it be well floured, rub the quarter of a nutmeg, grated, in a piece of butter, the size of a walnut; put this, a pinch of powdered mace, and your fowl, into the bladder; then pour in a dozen oysters with their liquor; leave the body of the bladder loose, but tie the neck of it very tight, and you may then boil in a saucepan containing any other meat: about five-and-twenty minutes is quite time enough; have a deep dish ready, and you will find sufficient and excellent sauce made to your hand, when you take the fowl out of its case."

And one more into the bargain:—

**"To Ripen New Stilton Cheese."**—Take off the top, and scoop out of the centre a piece about two inches in depth; put into this cavity a piece of ripe cheese having abundance of the blue mould upon it; replace the top and cover up the cheese. In three weeks' time you will find the advantage of your inoculation, as the cheese will be completely impregnated with a ripe flavour."

**La Divine Epopée.\*** By Alexandre Soumet, Member of the Académie Française. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1841. Bertrand.

THE author of this book is a gentleman favourably known to the French public for several poetical and dramatic works, which have gained him the distinguished honour of being a member of the oldest Academy of the Institute; and the present publication is not only calculated to raise his name to a pitch of honourable renown among his fellow-countrymen, but has also the merit of being of a much more solid and philosophical character than many late effusions of French poetasters. He has selected, it is true, rather an ambitious title for his poem, in evident imitation of Dante; and he has thereby exposed himself to the dangerous test of having his verses compared to those of the great masters. The arrangement, too, of a considerable portion of his poem is borrowed from the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio" of the Italian poet; and he takes the reader through a whole series of torments seen in the abodes of the damned.

Making all due allowance for the sensual spirit of the times in which this poem is written—for the melancholy social and political condition of France, which impregnates with so many moral plagues the public mind of that nation, we cannot but admit that M. Soumet's poem is one of the best productions of the French school which has appeared for a long time; it is full of original ideas, and displays a kind of manly vigour about it which we have been accustomed to look for in vain among the imaginative works of recent French authors. The versification is in general harmonious and correct, without being heavy; and though many of his expressions are tainted with the technicalities of modern Parisian writers, his language is in general dignified and suited to the subject.

\* We do not indulge often in the review of foreign literature (our own publications, such as they are, are demanding all our room and attention), but the present subject, affording a good specimen of the French school of the present day, has induced our notice.

The fundamental idea of the poem is that of a second effort of the mediating power of Christ in favour of all lost spirits, and even of the fallen angels, including Satan himself, so that he supposes, ultimately, hell itself to be redeemed and all sin and woe to be utterly extinguished. He confesses that this notion is not conformable to the commonly received ideas of Christians of any denomination, and especially of the Catholic Church; but he declares that he puts it forward only as a fictitious poetical idea, and that he bows with perfect submission to the already expressed dogmas of the church.

The plan of the poem has the defect of being exceedingly complicated; nor can we pretend to accompany the author into any of its mazes. We will only remark that there is a great admixture of heavenly and earthly lovers in it; and that females, both on earth and in heaven, play some of the chief parts. Several of his descriptions are not a little voluptuous; and on casually turning over some of the pages we have not read, the words "Moscou," "Constantinople," "Hercule," "Néron," "Louis," "Robespierre," catch our eye, mixed up rather strangely with those of the places and persons of Christian theology. The reader, therefore, must be prepared to meet with many new and strange associations of ideas in these pages; notwithstanding this, however, he will find much to admire, and much that will amply repay the trouble of perusal.

Two extracts which we subjoin will give a tolerable idea of M. Soumet's style. The first is a kind of chorus from the first canto, entitled *Le Ciel*; and the two opening stanzas are as follow:—

"Dans l'Eden jamais de nuages,  
Jamais les erreurs de l'espoir!  
On voit tout en Dieu!... Les images  
Brillent de l'éclat du miroir.  
Ici bas, souvent tout se voile:  
L'amour s'éteint sous un adieu,  
Le calme peut perdre une voile,  
Une fleur nous cache une étoile,  
La jeunesse nous cache Dieu.  
L'arbre du bon, autour de l'ange,  
S'exhale en longs flots vaporeux;  
Comme de l'Indus et du Gange  
Se parfument les bords heureux,  
Quand Delhi, rêveuse, s'admire  
Aux ondes des lacs azurés;  
Et que la molle chaleur d'été  
Trempe dans l'encens et la myrrhe  
L'aile de ses songes dorés."

The next extract which we shall give is from the third canto, *L'Enfer*, the most vigorous portion of the poem. It describes the torment of an avicious man:—

"L'Avarice.  
Statue au front brûlant que l'enfer supplicie,  
Un damné, dont la chair en or s'était durcie,  
M'apparut; mais cet or souffrait, versait des pleurs;  
Et de la chair primitive il gardait les douleurs.  
Trois buchers du coupable illuminaient la face;  
Son corps hiqué dans sa riche surface  
S'agitait, s'agitait, à leur rouge leur,  
Sous les sillons ardents de l'horrible sueur.  
Et d'un œil glacé, l'éclatante victime  
Suiyait ces gouttes d'or qui pleuvaient dans l'âme;  
Et depuis trois mille ans pressait son piedestal,  
Sans voir diminuer ses membres de métal.  
Effrayé de ses maux autant que du prodige,  
' Quel crime à ce tourment l'a condamné? ' lui dis-je.  
' Réponds comme si Dante en ce lieu te parlait! '  
Et sous l'or bouillonnant dont son corps ruisselait,  
Le damné répondit:—' Mon crime fut sordide:  
De mon éternité la torture aplendit  
En est le juste emblème... Un juif magicien.  
N'approchant pas d'un Dieu qui n'était pas le sien,  
Eut besoin, pour son art, de l'hostie adores.  
Ou s'enferme le Christ, quand elle est consacrée:  
Moi, je servais Jésus, et j'offris, pour de l'or,  
De vendre à l'étranger le mystique trésor.  
Comme pour me nourrir de ce pain redoutable,  
J'allai m'agenouiller à la très sainte table;  
Et, déroba par moi, le calice, le calice.  
Passa du tabernacle aux mains du necromant.  
Sais, sans me souvenir de la main qui châtie,  
J'enfermai sous clef l'or dont il paya l'hostie.  
Mauvaise heure!... Deux jours après ma trahison,  
Je vis le feu du ciel tomber sur ma maison;

J'accours esperant retrouver dans la poudre  
 L'or maudit à travers ces débris de la foudre,  
 Il refusait au près d'un bereau sillonné ;  
 Le tonnerre en tombant s'en était détourné,  
 Il n'avait consumé que mon fils. . . En silence  
 Je mis tous mes ducats au fond d'une balance,  
 Aucun poids n'y manquait : — puis mon trésor s'accrut.  
 Ma femme, avant d'avoir quitte le deuil, mourut.  
 Je fus seul avec l'or, mon ardeur délirante,  
 Et je clouai ma vie au roc de l'avarice.  
 J'aspirai plus avant dans mon sein ténébreux,  
 Mon rêve mon bonheur, mon paradis fictueux,  
 Que j'avais en pitié l'amour ou l'héroïsme !  
 Mûr de toutes parts dans mon âpre égolisme,  
 Cet or devint mon âme, il coula dans mon sang ;  
 J'adorai comme un Dieu mon crime éblouissant,  
 Et, donné par un juif en retour de l'hostie,  
 L'or fut mon seul autel et mon eucharistie !  
 Les hommes près de moi passaient sans un adieu,  
 Ils lisaient sur mon front qui j'avais vendu Dieu ;  
 Et, sans me déguiser leur haine involontaire,  
 Fuyaient comme un fleau mon bonheur solitaire.  
 Mais à ma passion qu'importaient les humains ?  
 Mon univers sonnait au creux de mes deux mains.  
 Je vecus, je vieilliss dans ma joie insensée :  
 La demeure de l'or encreinte en ma pensée,  
 Flettrir mon pâle front, rida mes doigts brûlants,  
 Alluma plus de feux sous mes froids cheveux blancs :  
 Et quand je m'aperçus que ma fin était proche,  
 Vers un caveau lointain creusé sous une roche,  
 Pour laisser du trépas mon cadavre héritier,  
 Je me trainai, la nuit, l'important tout entier.  
 Je sentis, volupté que l'enfer a punie,  
 Palpiter l'avarice au fond de l'agonie :  
 Sur l'or, en se fermant, mon œil se reposa,  
 Au lieu de crucifix ma levre le baisa ;  
 Retrouvant pour aimer toute mon énergie,  
 Contre mon rein souffrant j'ou pressai l'effigie,  
 Et de mes doigts crispes l'amoureuse fureur  
 Imprima, dans la mort, ce signe sur mon cœur."

We have only to add that this book is an admirable specimen of French typography; and that it has been highly spoken of by most of the organs of the French press.

*The History and Antiquities of Syon Monastery, the Parish of Isleworth, and the Chapelry of Hounslow: compiled from Public Records, Ancient Manuscripts, Ecclesiastical and other Authentic Documents.* By G. J. Aungier. 8vo. pp. 567. London, 1840. Nichols and Son.

This work is a valuable addition to the number of our local histories. It relates to an interesting *locale*, hitherto very casually and imperfectly illustrated by Lysons and others; and it contains a good deal of documentary matter of considerable importance.

The Monastery of Syon was one of the latest foundations of the kind in England, having been begun by Henry V. in 1415; and received its richest endowments from the weak but pious Henry VI., so that it was little more than a century old at the time of the dissolution; and its history presents fewer remarkable events than that of the monastic edifices of an earlier date. In fact, the century through which it lived was the darkest period, both in regard to religion and to learning, of the Roman Catholic Church in England. Nevertheless, at the time of the general visitation of the monasteries, fewer crimes and irregularities were laid by the commissioners to the sisters and brethren of Syon (for the establishment consisted of nuns and monks, though separated from each other) than to the members of most of the other religious houses. Yet Syon was one of the first large monastic institutions suppressed by Henry VIII., and its inmates did not altogether escape discreditable imputations, as the following letter, among one or two others of a similar stamp, will shew:—

"The following report of Lord Cromwell's agent, on the eve of the Reformation, contains, as might be expected, imputations on the morals of the community, which of course it was the object of the commissioners to exaggerate as much as possible:—

"Hit may please your goodness to understand that Bishoppe this day prechede and

declarede the Kings title varawelle, and had a grete audience, the church full of people, one of the focares in his saide declaracion openly callede hym fals knave, with other foliishe wordes; hit was that foliishe felowe with the curlede hede that knelyde in your way whan ye came forth of the confessors chambre. I can no lesse do but sett hym in prison (*ut pena ejus sit metus aliorum*). Yesterday I lernede many enourmouze thynges againste Bisshope in the examination of the lay brederen: firste that Bisshope perswadyt two of the brederyn to haue gone ther ways by nyght and he hymself with them, and to thacomplice of that they lakede but money to by them seculer apparelle; further that Bisshope wolde haue perswadyt one of his lay brederen, a symth, to haue made a key for the dore to haue in the nyght tyme receyvide in wenchens for hym and his felowe, and especially a wyffe of Uxbrige, nowe dwellyng not far from the olde lady Darbie, nygh Uxbrige, wiche wyffe, his old customer, hath bene many tymes here at the graitte comonyng with the saide Bisshop, and muche he was desierouse to haue hade hir conueyde in to hym. The saide Bisshope also perswadyt a nune, to whome he was confessor, *ad libidinem corporum perimplendam*: and thus he perswadyt hir in confession, making hir to beleve that whan so euer and as oft as they shulde medle together, if she wer immediatly after confessede by hym, and towke of hym absolucion, she shulde be clere forgyryn of Gode, and hit shulde be none offence unto hir before Gode; and she write dyuers and sondrie letters unto hym of such ther foliishenes and unthriftynes, and wolde haue hade his brother the symthe to haue pullede owte a bare of yron of that windowe whereas ye examinede the lady abbas, that he might haue gone in to her by nyght, and that same windowe was ther comonyng place by nyght. He perswadyt the sexten that he wolde be in his contemplacion in the churche by nyght, and by that meanes was many nyghtes in the churche talking with hir at the saide graitte of the nunnes quere, and ther was ther meeting place by nyght, besydes the day communication, as in confession. Hit were to long to declare alle thynges of hym that I haue herde, wiche I suppos is trewe. This afternone I intende to make further serche bothe of sum of the brederen, and sum also of the sisters, for suche lyke matters. If I fynde any thynges apparent to be trewe I shalle, Gode willyng, therof certifie your mastershippe to morowe by vii. in the mornyng, and after this day I suppos ther wilbe no other thynges to be knowny as yett here, for I haue already examynede alle the brederen, and many of them wolde gladly depart hens, and be ryght very of ther habite. Suche religion and fayned sanctite gode saue me fro. If master Bedylle hade bene here a frear, and of Bisshops counselle, he wolde ryght welle haue helpede him to haue broughte his matter to passe withoute brekyng up of any graitte or yette cownterfetyng of keys, suche capacite Gode hath sende hym. From Sion this Sunday, xii Decembris, by the spedye hande of your assurede poire preste,

"RYCHARDE LAYTON."

The nuns of Syon are remarkable as having been the only English monastic society which has remained up to the present time without being dispersed. Their history, after the dissolution of the monastery, is very interesting. The present community is settled at Lisbon, and it is from a manuscript in their possession that Mr. Aungier has been enabled to give their history. After the dissolution, the monks retired to the Low Countries, where they re-

mained until called back to England by Queen Mary. On her death they fled to Flanders, and were driven from place to place by the religious troubles of the time, till they settled at Mechlin. When that place was taken by the Prince of Orange, the English nuns with difficulty escaped with their lives, and reached Antwerp. From thence they continued their flight to Rouen. Here they remained some time, subjected frequently to troubles from the people, who were jealous of them for being natives of a country to which they were hostile. Of these troubles the following may serve as a specimen:—

"Another trouble now arose to this community, viz. on the Sunday before St. Martin's day, A.D. 1587, forty-four of the common conduits being broken, and dried up, as frequently happened, a multitude of people with pails, pots, pitchers, &c. came into their court before the church door, and demanded water, in the presence of all the people who were there to hear mass, saying they had made a secret conduit in their cave, and dried up all the common conduits of the city; crying, 'They are strangers, they are English, our old enemies; why should they be amongst us?' with other like speeches. This tumult was spread and maintained by the French, who had placed their confederates at every conduit, to incense the people who came for water, telling them that the Bridgetines were the cause of this, and sending them to the convent for water. Thus the community was made odious to the people, which was a most dangerous thing for strangers, as they experienced in other countries; for, at Mechlin, on a like report, the common people, despite of the magistrates who could not stop them, broke into the sisters' inclosure, entered their cells, refectory, and choir, searching land ransacking all places for armour and weapons, which was contrived against them, that they might be plundered, and banished the city. And though they found nothing of what they pretended to seek, yet every one took what they liked, and departed, leaving the poor sisters in great misery and confusion. The Lady Catharine Palmer was so frightened, that it was the occasion of her death, to the unspeakable discouragement and loss of the convent. In the present difficulty, the Father had no remedy left but to go to the pastors and preachers, it being Sunday, and desire them to publish and certify the contrary to the people. This method he adopted; and he also sent some of the brethren to stand by the conduits to notice and contradict the seditious inciters of the people; through which, this enterprize was divested of further bad consequences."

By the repetition of such persecutions, the nuns of Syon were at last driven from Rouen, and, after incurring many perils, they reached Lisbon, on the 2d of May, 1594, where they have remained till the present time. During the troubles of the Peninsula in the early part of the present century, a part of the sisters came to England, where they were hospitably received by the English Roman Catholics and others.

Mr. Aungier has exhibited much patient industry and research in the compilation of this book. In an appendix to the history of the Monastery of Syon, he has given a number of curious documents from original manuscripts, among which, the most remarkable is the Book of Directions in old English for the government and behaviour of the nuns. To this is appended a no less curious list of the signs by which the sisters and brethren were to make known their wants or wishes during

the hours of silence, for the silent system was strictly enforced in this establishment. A few of these signs may be given as a specimen of the whole: they are curious illustrations of monastic manners:—

**"Ale.**—Make the signe of drynk, and drawe thy hande displaied afore thyn eer dunwarde.

**"Appull.**—Pvt thy thumbe in thy fiste, and close thy hand, and meue afore the to and fro.

**"Bedde.**—Make the signe of an house, and put thy right hand vnder thy cheke, and close thyne een.

**"Boke.**—Wagge and meue thy right hande in manere as thou shulde turne the leues of a boke.

**"Buttur or othere Fatnes.**—Draw thy two right uppere fyngers to and fro on thy left palme.

**"Chesc.**—Holde thy right hande flatlynges in the palme of thy left.

**"Colde.**—Make the signe of water trembling with thy hand, or blowe one thi fore fynger.

**"Drynk.**—Bowe thy right fore fyngere, and put it on thy nedere lyppe.

**"Egges.**—Make a token with thy right fore fyngere upon thy left thombe to and fro, as though thou shulde pill egges.

**"Fyshe.**—Wagge thy hand displaied sidelynges in manere of a ffish taill.

**"Glasse.**—Make the signe of a cuppe with the signe of rede wyne.

**"House.**—Close thy fyngere endes to gidere vpward, and sprede them abrode downward in manere of spares.

**"Inough.**—Close thy fist to gidere, and holde vp thy thombe, and this may serue for I know it well.

**"Knyfe.**—Drawe thy right hande sidelynges to and fro thorough thy left hande.

**"Man.**—Putte and holde thy berde in thy right hande.

**"Mestard.**—Holde thy nose in the vppere parte of thy right fiste and rubbe it.

**"Salte.**—Philippe with thy rize thombe and his forefynger onere the left thombe.

**"Sauser.**—Make a rounde cerde in thy lefte palme with thy right litle fynger.

**"Vyneare.**—Make the signe of wyne, and drawe thy fore-fyngere from thy neere to thy throte."

In general, the contents of this book, although of considerable local interest, are not of a character to allow us to make many extracts. Hounslow Heath is altogether an interesting locality, and we think might have been made more of. In case of a second edition, we would suggest that a very interesting sketch might be given of the criminal history of this neighbourhood, the scene of many of the principal feats of the highwaymen of former days. We will only add that the derivation of the name is very plain and simple: *hundes-hlawe*, is the low or tumultuous of the dog. In former days there was probably a funerary mound on some part of the heath, which was connected with a dog in some ancient legend, now, like so many others, lost.

*Around the World: a Narrative of a Voyage in the East India Squadron, under Commodore George C. Read. By an Officer of the United States Navy. 2 vols. 12mo. 1840. New York: C. S. Francis. Boston: J. H. Francis. London: Wiley and Putnam.*

THE American government having determined "to send one or more ships of war every three years to cruise about the East India trading

station, and thence, returning by the opposite cape, to complete the circuit of the world. The *Peacock* and *Enterprise*, under Commodore Kennedy (says the writer of these volumes, which throw some, though not much, light upon American naval affairs in the Eastern seas), once more bearing Mr. Roberts as our agent, to complete the diplomatic work he had commenced with eastern courts, proceeded, in 1833, from the United States, as the first regular squadron for the new station. The *Columbia*, with the John Adams as her consort, were commissioned in 1837 to follow in the same round, and to touch at as many other ports as occasion might require, or time permit. It is of this last cruise that the writer has undertaken to narrate his impressions."

And he adds:—  
"The reader need not expect to find, as in more learned travels, the history of each place run back to primeval dates, including complete treatises upon the botany, mineralogy, and zoology of every place; for the writer has only noted the objects and topics which interested him at the moment."

Such is the nature of the work, which will be best illustrated by the following selections. Sailing and touching at Madeira, crossing the line, reaching Rio Janeiro, and doubling the Cape, offer nothing new enough for illustration; so we pass at once to Muscat, for an Arabian tale told by the author's Arab host:—

"There is a little item of belief among us," said he, "which you may perhaps regard as a foolish superstition, but it is generally adopted by us, and guards and prompts us in every thought and deed. We believe that every one has two recording spirits that attend him from his youth. One notes down the motives and deeds of the day that are good, the other those that are evil; and at the morning or evening prayers, as they sit ready upon either shoulder, the sincerity of that act is noted too, and they take their flight to Allah: and there the result of each day in life is deposited for the final summary." There is a similar design, beautifully embodied upon canvass by the enthusiastic Blake, to which Bulwer alludes in his 'Ambitions Student.' It represents a fair and pensive youth, with an earnest countenance, sitting and conversing with a small, shadowy shape, perched at his knees, while other shapes of like form and aspect are seen gliding heavenward, each with a scroll in his hand. The effect is said to be very solemn; and above the painting are these lines:—

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

"I think," continued our host, "that we must be less quarrelsome than Christians, for we have no duels, nor any need of established courts of equity. Forbearance and peace are cardinal points with us; and, although you see us all wearing arms in defence, yet they are seldom used. The only assassination, or murder," said Captain Calfaun, "that has occurred within my memory, in or near Muscat, happened in 1822. In that year a captain of one of these forts, an excellent and highly respected youth, by chance became intoxicated, in company with a bosom friend. It was a rare circumstance in the province for one to be thus; but when an Arab does pass the boundary," he added, "it is to a brutal excess. At night, when returning home through the city together, a dispute arose which maddened the inflamed and delirious passions of the young officer, and he stabbed his friend. He immediately recovered his reason; the body was

thrown into a well; and it was long before the fate of the victim, or the name of the murderer, was known. Indeed, the latter might have kept the secret locked in his own bosom, and perhaps veiled for ever, excepting from the all-seeing eyes of God. But the accusing monitions of conscience nightly and daily tortured him to confess. He became melancholy, he resigned his military office, and sought a subordinate clerkship in a cruising vessel, commanded by Captain Calfaun's father. It had been long the general wonder, and was indeed strange, what had become of the lost young man: the young assassin denied that he knew aught of him after their parting from the fort, and there were no signs of the murder. Still the latter was suspected, and persons were sent to the departing ship to see if any suspicious villain had taken refuge there. The ship sailed, however, without any trace of the offender; but, by some singular fatality, before a port was made, the object of the mission was subverted, and the ship ordered back. The manner of the self-condemned now became so changed and sad, that his commander, ever his friend before, supposed that some troublesome thoughts must be weighing upon his mind relative to his lost friend, and questioned him closely; but all in vain. Others caught the same impression, and at length the sultan sent for him to appear in person at the divan for a private interview. He went, and the sultan with unwonted sternness called him by name to tell all he knew concerning the missing comrade. 'What have you done with him?' said he. 'I killed him,' replied the youth with resolute calmness, 'and I threw him into a well.' A guard was sent to the place, and the confession was verified. The paternal sultan addressed him with sympathy, and expressed his deep regret that one of noble blood and of holy faith should so dishonour his race, his family, and his God. He offered from his own purse the ten thousand mohammedes of silver, about nine hundred dollars, which is the customary fee of conciliation in such cases, to save the youth from a public death; but though the relatives of the deceased were poor, they refused this competence for a life, and the order was given for his execution. Had he not confessed, he might have required five witnesses, of undoubted veracity, to prove his guilt; but he chose to confess unequivocally, and it was beyond the privilege of the sultan to save him. He was taken to the beach, and a brave companion in arms, expert with the scimeter, was selected to execute the order of justice, as a favour. The condemned had fervently repeated his last prayers, and stood unflinchingly erect, prepared for the final act of his tragic life. The chosen executioner had not heeded the last signal, and stood with downcast eyes, leaning mournfully against the scabbard of his sword, and permitting the delicate edge of the latter to cut the leather of his sandal or grate against the rough pebbles in the sand. From this sad and musing attitude, the condemned aroused his faltering friend. 'Why do you hesitate,' said he, 'so fixed in that melancholy mood? I have known you as a brave man—I have witnessed your unflinching nerves in deadly action—let not your strength and courage fail you now! for if you leave a fibre uncut by the first sweep of your blade, you have the curse of a dying man—the stigma of a trembling coward. Now, strike like a man!' The comrade was himself again—the bright steel flashed in the air—the head rolled along the beach, trailing its gore—and strange to tell, the brainless trunk sprang,

and ran forward full a hundred feet before it fell."

At Zanzibar:—

"It is believed that the sultan is adding rapidly to his fortunes; that hoards of treasure are being amassed in the vaults of his palace; that in fine the old gentleman is not without what Byron considers, or speaks of, as the respectable vice of advanced age—avarice. The scarcity of specie is a subject of universal complaint among the commercial classes, and by them laid to the amount accumulated in the sultan's coffers. We can testify to the absence of silver, and that it is as rarely seen as in Philadelphia during the most palmy days of the shipplaster ascendancy. It would be a great convenience, if not otherwise a 'blessing' to the community, if they had a Dr. Dyott, or a common council to issue these *quid pro quos*, as they are sadly nonplussed for small change. The substitute in general use is a small grain resembling millet, which passes as current money, at the established and uniform rate of one dollar per bushel, and smaller quantities in proportion. When an article is purchased at the market-place or bazar, a slave of the truckman takes it to the house of the buyer, and returns with a cargo of grain to his master. Syed Syyed's military power is far from contemptible. He can, on the shortest notice, bring a large, but not well-appointed, army into the field; while his navy is considerable, and the ships comprising it capable of being made very effective. The latter is composed of several ships of the line, frigates, sloops of war, schooners, and dāus; many of which are moored in the inner harbour of Zanzibar. This force is not employed in times of peace. The large ships are dismantled, and laid up in ordinary; while the small craft are employed as regular traders in carrying merchandise. His highness has frequently been engaged in belligerent operations, and in some of them without adding to his glory. Many years since he received a total defeat from the Wahabee corsairs, who even blockaded for a time the port of Muscat. Of late years he has been at war with Mombassa, a small district on the African coast, and has succeeded in joining it to his kingdom. Encouraged by this success, it is said that he, at present, is making active preparations to commence hostilities against the Queen of Madagascar. The quarrels of these potentates had a singular origin. His highness wishing to add her territories to his own, and her person to his seraglio, gallantly made certain matrimonial overtures, which she ungenerously spurned with royal indignation. Entertaining very proper notions of the dignity of his august sex, and moreover believing, that

'Happy's the wooing  
That's not long a doing.'

the rapture-smitten prince immediately concluded to try what effect powder and ball would have upon softening her obdurate heart, and mollifying his own ardent passion. If any of our fair readers should be so clannish as to sympathise in the merited mishaps of this proud and self-willed princess, it may be a gratification to them to be informed of its being the current belief that the sultan's prospect of success in the impending conflict is any thing but flattering. Whatever be the issue, she might, if she understood the language of Virgil, feelingly quote:—

'Nunc insanis amor duri me Martis in armis  
Tela inter media atque, adversos detinet hostes.'

Which, in the absence of Dryden's translation,

may be thus rendered for the benefit of the unlatinised:—

'The sultan's crazed for Madagascar's queen,  
To send such armies of his Arab slaves,  
All armed with darts, not Cupid's though I ween,  
To fight for love, and wedlock, or their graves.'

Syed Syyed is not married at present, but in place of a solitary helpmate, solaces himself in the endearments and society of five-and-forty concubines. His harem is a living parterre of the flowers of this planet; and his feminine treasures have been culled from Arabia, Circassia, Georgia, and even far distant Greece.

'Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,  
Swells the fair breast, or animates the glance,  
Adorns his palace with its brightest virgins.'

The seraglio is, of course, a *sanctum sanctorum*, to which none of our officers were admitted, the surgeon excepted, who visited professionally some of the lady invalids, at his highness's request. The sultan has about thirty children, seven of whom are sons. Among four of these sons, the offspring of deceased wives, he proposes that his kingdom shall be divided after his death. One to rule in Arabia, one at Zanzibar, and two on the coast of Africa."

At Sumatra the Americans bombarded some forts, and punished the Malays for previous outrages. A treaty was ultimately signed, and the ships' crews ventured on excursions ashore, but we select a summary:—

"The most ancient tribe in Sumatra is that of the Menangkabos, about a million in number, who reside in the central elevated interval between the two ranges of mountains. They were once the most prominent tribe, and the rajah still holds a revered but merely nominal supremacy over Sumatra. Their country abounds in gold; they have signs of antique grandeur, and their gold and silver filagree work, sold at Padang, their chief entrepôt, is the finest specimen of art in the Archipelago. The people live mostly about the banks of an extensive lake in the valley, occupying large buildings that contain twenty families together, like those of the Indians near Columbia river. It is said there is a race among them,—the Gooboos or wild-men, living about lake Dano, which are similar to the orang-outangs of Borneo. Excepting the Menangkabos, the whole coast of Sumatra is nominally under five sovereignties, viz. those of Palembang, Jambi, Indragerie, Siak, and Achéen; but it is generally ruled by a number of petty, feudal, half-patriarch chiefs. In fact, any one who gains the favour of the people by oratory or wealth, and builds a fort to defend himself from rivals, may become a rajah; and he may even withhold all tribute from the general government, if he can only successfully fight its few agents and little ships. They have no synonyme in their language for our term law, but adopt old custom, individual influence, or the Koran, for their exclusive guidance. Thefts and robberies are mostly confined to the mean and abandoned of the people; but to rob foreigners or enemies is as little regarded a crime, as it is by the Bedouins of Arabia, or other semi-barbarous tribes. Revenge is naturally the most prominent passion of the Sumatrans; and in desperate cases, it has raged so high as to impel the infuriated savage 'to run a muck,' a frenzied act, in which he rushes madly through the village with a drawn dagger, thrusting at every person he meets, until he meets death himself. But this method of venting desperate vengeance is nearly suppressed. The Battas, occupying the northern half of the western coast, are said to be the most savage and heathenish, because

they were known to be cannibals; but it is now ascertained that they ate the flesh of enemies and criminals only as a capital penalty, and to shew their fullest detestation of them. There are about five hundred thousand of the Battas. They are comparatively an honest, exact, but irascible people. They have had from the beginning a simple language, written from the bottom upward, by a style on bamboo, which all of them can easily read and write; and the great orators and deliberative assemblies of this tribe are peculiarly distinguished. Their religion, if they have any, is of Hindoo origin."

Arrived at Macao and Canton, there are various remarks on the country and its present condition. We conclude, however, with one observation:—

"The English government will undoubtedly take advantage of the present crisis to organise her relations with China, and to establish the terms of her trade there; and whatever she does, it must, in a great degree, affect the interests of American trade. But aside from the action of the English, the present crisis presents peculiar advantages to America for commercial negotiations; for she now stands before the Chinese in the most favourable contrast with all other nations. Her history, which is now before the Chinese literati in their own language, exhibits the policy, the power, and the actions of America, in the most attractive and honourable garb; and it only requires a little immediate attention of our government, through a fit and properly sustained diplomatist, despatched to the court of Peking, to secure for American trade and property in China the most advantageous privileges and immunities."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Last Days of Mary Stuart: a Novel.*  
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. T. and W. Boone.

THIS seems like the enterprise of an inexperienced writer; and though apparently well chosen as to time, characters, and events, the subject is, we fear, above the powers of a far abler hand. What accessories of fiction can add an interest to the dismal tragedy of the death of Mary, as simply recorded in history? or what magic can renovate and enliven the court of Elizabeth, beyond the familiar tradition founded on so many contemporary accounts? The adventures of Bothwell as a hero of romance, and the mysterious lineage of a founding (Henry Knox), who turns out to be of royally connected descent, are the chief incidents of invention wrought into the historical scenes; and we are bound to say, that in neither case do we discover ought to raise the publication above the ordinary and fatal level of similar performances. Still there is enough of the marvellous to suit the tastes of the general class of novel-readers, and if not a Scott, the author is not a \*\*\*\*\*.

*The Fortress; an Historical Tale of the Fifteenth Century: from Records of the Channel Islands. With Illustrations.* London, 1841.

THE author of these volumes has chosen, as the title indicates, a new locality for his scene of action; and with the aid of historical records, and an ingenious mixture of fictitious personages and events, constructed a romance of some interest: though not sufficient, we think, to warrant the promise of three more volumes in continuation. This, however, we leave to the modesty of the author, and success of his first effort. A Norman and a Saxon

maiden, of equal, though different beauty, a mixture of Meg Merrilies and Norna of the Fitful Head, soldier lovers, a faithful and mysterious page, and the necessary number of fathers and uncles, form the *dramatis personæ*. The originality and merits of these several characters we leave to the decision of the reader.

*Eva Von Troth. A Chronicle of the Sixteenth Century.* Translated from the German of Wilhelm Blumenhagen. By Louisa Addison. With other Tales from the German. 2 vols. London, 1841. Thomas.

Time and labour bestowed on translating the lighter portions of German literature when we are overwhelmed with native publications of a like kind, will, we fear, prove time and labour lost, inasmuch as neither fame nor profit are likely to accrue. Yet would we not condemn *Eva Von Troth* to a worse place than a circulating library.

*Houdon's Scrap-Book, or, Literary Miscellany of Rational Recreation.* 18mo. pp. 348. (London, Houston and Co.)—Literally what its title purports—an amusing collection of literary scraps.

*Popular Lectures on Man, &c.,* by John White, M.R.C.S. Pp. 252. (London, Darton and Clark.)—Truly styled popular lectures, and delivered with good effect at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution. Woodcuts improve the explanatory matter in this new and more permanent shape.

*The Revelation of God in His Word, &c.,* translated from the German of Dr. Gess, by W. A. Brown, A.M. Pp. 296. (Edinburgh, Clark.)—The worthy minister of distant Tobermorie has rendered an acceptable service to the Christian reader by translating this work (XXXI. of "Biblical Cabinet"), which illustrates the Scriptures in a very graphic manner. It is a much more learned work, and evinces more research, than many of tenfold its dimensions.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SCIENCE IN EGYPT.

[We have much gratification in publishing the following letter from Mr. Caldecott, Astronomer to the Rajah of Travancore, and giving an account of the Magnetic Observatory established by the Pasha of Egypt at Cairo, agreeably to the recommendation of our Royal Society.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Steamer *Berenice*, near Aden, March 4th, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I had last the pleasure of addressing you, I mentioned that my next would be from my station at Travancore, but I forgot then that I had promised to give you some account of the Magnetic Observatory at Cairo,—a promise which I now proceed to fulfil. When at Alexandria I obtained an interview with Mahomed Ali, and had an hour's conversation with him about what he was doing in a scientific way in Egypt; what he might do with the means at his command; and the great satisfaction with which his establishing a magnetic observatory had been viewed in Europe. His highness was in great good humour, and not only gave me letters to the authorities at Cairo, to shew me every thing of a scientific nature in that city, and especially one to Monsieur Lambert, charging him to consult with me about the final arrangements of the observatory, but invited me to communicate to him (the Pasha) any suggestions that might occur to me as to the proper conducting of the magnetic observations. This was fortunate; for, on seeing the observatory, I found it not at all adapted in its present state for the reception of the instruments, consisting merely of a number of small rooms, one above another, the largest not more than eight or ten feet diameter. Of this M. Lambert was well aware, and had already applied for more accommodation, but which he had not yet been able to attain: my visit was, therefore, most opportune, and before I left Cairo I had written to the Pasha, got the thing sanctioned, lined out the foundations myself, and actually saw them in progress. With this addition, the Cairo magnetic observatory will be perfect; the large room

will be about fifty-five feet long and twenty-five broad; not a particle of iron in any part of the building, and none of any consequence within a considerable distance. M. Lambert appears an excellent, unassuming, and talented man, but will, I fear, be too much occupied to do the observations entire justice. He has some very clever Arab professors and pupils in the Polytechnic School (which is under his superintendence), who will, I think, be found very competent observers. I gave them some idea of the mode of using the instruments, and made a rough observation of the horizontal intensity. They all seemed to take a great interest in the operations, and I hope, altogether, that my visit may have been productive of some good. The additional building will be finished by the end of next month, and if you will kindly cause the remainder of the instruments to be forwarded without delay, M. Lambert may be able to keep the May term, by which time I expect to be in possession of my own instruments at Travancore, and we may commence together. M. Lambert begs you will not forget to send him the numbers of the Scientific Memoirs, containing the translation of Gauss's papers, and requests that he may also be supplied with the following articles, if not already ordered for the observatory, viz.—Osler's Anemometer; Actinometer, and other meteorological instruments supplied to the British observers; an Astronomical Clock, from Dent. These articles may be sent to the care of A. C. Harris, Esq. Alexandria, a gentleman who takes great interest in the matter, and who told me he would take every care of them, and see them properly forwarded to Cairo, if sent to him.—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN CALDECOTT.

### THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

YESTERDAY the Albert and Wilberforce, Captains Trotter and W. Allen, were appointed to sail from Woolwich; and, we presume, proceeded on their course to join the Soudan, Captain B. Allen, at Plymouth, and proceed on their interesting mission.

### BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

To prevent the circulation of exaggerated reports, the local secretaries at Plymouth have published a letter stating that the subscription there for the expenses of the meeting amounts to no more than 600*l*.

### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, April 16th. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—Exhibited, by Mr. H. O. Stephens, a specimen of *Agaricus stolonifer*, new to the British flora; and, by Mr. H. C. Watson, M.P., a species of *Primula*, found by him at Thames Ditton, differing from any one of the genus that he had ever seen.—Read a letter from Mr. James Rich (the Society's Local Secretary at Minorca), containing an account of a botanical excursion taken by him in Algiers a few weeks since. The letter was dated "Port Mahon, 30th March, 1841." After describing the beauty of the scenery, Mr. Rich observes, "Every thing is covered with verdure, and of this every thing was new to me. The *Agave Americana* and the *Cactus opuntia* were the two most prominent objects, the former covering the ground by acres, and the latter serving all the purposes of hedges sometimes, and at others growing together in forests to the height of twenty feet or more. Round them a beautiful large purple convolvulus gemmed their blossoms. At other places a yellow jasmine and a clematis took the place

of the convolvulus. On the ground, 'herbs of every leaf, &c.' A splendid blue iris, the asphodels, and a number of others, I ought to make particular mention of; and, I think, a little English friend, an *Oxalis* dropping from the high banks of a rocky rivulet. But here you have the list of what I collected, specimens of all which I will send to the Botanical Society by the first opportunity." The list comprised nearly eighty species.

### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

MR. TOOKE, Vice-President, in the chair.—Twelve fellows were elected.—The communication read was 'A Statistical Account of the Ancient Prescriptive Jurisdictions over the Thames possessed by the Corporation of London.' By Joseph Fletcher, Esq. A brief epitome of this paper would occupy half a *Literary Gazette*, we shall therefore content ourselves by giving notes of the following (unpublished) table, or summary statement of the total charge upon the public, and the nett profit to the corporation, arising in the year 1833 from the ancient jurisdictions of superintendence over the traffic of the Thames under the name of, or in connexion with, the prescriptive office of "measurer" or "meter."

Branches of Jurisdiction.	Net Profit to the Corporation.	Total Charge upon the Public.
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
1. Metage of fruit and garden-stuffs, of salt and of oysters, exercised by officers under no express control .....	.. .. .	10,140 12 2
2. Metage of corn under the direction of the Committee of Control over corn and coal meters, with the government of the corn porters .....	5,019 10 23	23,626 12 10
Total produce of the several branches of the office of metage, yet (still) in full exercise .....	5,019 10 23	33,767 8 12
3. Metage of coal, in temporary abeyance as to the exercise of its duties by the corporations, though not as to their (the corporations') receipts of its rewards &c. ....	16,302 17 8	50,491 6 6
Total of the sums levied upon the public in the name of metage dues .....	22,122 7 10 1	35,261 14 6
4. Ancient authority for regulating the craft in port, under which are yet (still) levied groundage, water-bailage, and mayor's and cockpit dues .....	712 6 8 5	3,118 10 11
Total of the sums levied upon the public for municipal purposes, in the name of port dues, yet (still) collected in full .....	22,834 14 6 3	96,380 5 7 1
5. Ancient authority for collecting the king's duties on aliens' goods, under which were levied the recently commuted dues of package, scavage, and alien portage .....	10,999 7 7 0	10,999 7 9
6. Gauge of wine and oils, now partly relinquished .....	409 12 4 3	1,230 17 2
Total of the sums derived from the public for municipal purposes in the name of port dues, whether non-collected or recently commuted .....	34,243 13 11 2	108,680 9 9 2

### GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE fifth meeting, which took place on Wednesday the 14th, was the best attended and most interesting of the season, from the numerous contributors to the enjoyment of the even-

\* Of the gross charge upon the community of the package, scavage, and portage dues, there is no particular account.

ing, and the beauty and interest of the drawings and other works of art displayed. There is always something new and beautiful to be seen at these meetings, which, independent of the pleasure such a reunion of artists and lovers of art affords, never fails to make a visit, to those who are fortunate enough to be introduced, a source of unalloyed enjoyment.

## ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 20th April.—Presented by Mr. Hawkins a dried specimen of the *Gymnotus Electricus*. The donor, in a letter, stated that he should continue to exert himself to procure for the Society living *gymnoti*; and regretted his unfortunate failure hitherto. It will probably be remembered that in Mr. Hawkins' last and recent endeavour, five of these wonderful animals had been shipped for England, but they all died on the voyage. The dried specimen was one of the quint, not to the queen, but to the Electrical Society.—Read, a letter from Mr. Gassiot, describing a voltmeter with five pairs of electrodes, each, or all of which, could be employed. When all were in circuit, the surface in action was 162 square inches. This apparatus had been constructed in order that surfaces of electrodes might be employed bearing some proportion to those of the battery cells excited. Mr. Gassiot promised to lay before the Society the result of experiments with this instrument.—Read, also, an account, by Mr. Mackrell, of experiments with a constant battery, the terminal wires being dipped in acid solutions.—Also a paper, by Mr. Pollock, detailing a long series of experiments upon the application of heat to certain solutions which are susceptible of change in colour. The resulting electric effects were given in a tabular form, incompatible with a brief notice; we, therefore, shall merely state that the contents will be published in the "Proceedings" of the Society, the next part to be ready on the 1st of July.

## PARIS LETTER.

April 21, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. *Sitting of April 12.*—M. Gay Lussac communicated to the Academy a circumstance observed by M. Caron, the proprietor of a large bleaching establishment at Beauvais, that a solution of chlorure of lime, at a given strength, such as 100° for instance, if exposed to the light appeared to increase in strength, and to attain 200°, 400°, and so on. The learned chemist explained the fact as being one only of appearance, not of reality; the chlorure of lime transforming itself by the action of light into a hypochlorate of lime, which is not sensible to the immediate action of arsenious acid.—M. Bouigny mentioned to the Academy some further observations ("On the Spheroidal State of Bodies thrown into Incandescent Vases." He had been experimenting on anhydrous sulphuric acid, in the muffle of a furnace heated to a white heat. The hot acid acted in this muffle as in the open air; and a drop of water thrown in became instantly solidified. A spheroid of anhydrous sulphuric acid placed in the muffle became solidified rapidly, that is to say, absorbed the hygroscopic water of the air, which it condensed and congealed. But then it passed again from the solid state to the spheroidal state, and the last spheroid so formed seemed to be of pure water alone. Thus the sulphuric acid took the water from the atmosphere, this water became congealed, the acid became evaporated, and the ice passed from the solid state to the spheroidal state; and what was most surprising was to see in these experiments the humidity of the

atmosphere congealing itself, and forming ice in the centre of a sphere heated to an enormous degree.

The Secretary announced that M. Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, senior, is about to retire from his chair of Zoology at the Garden of Plants. He had been named, at the age of twenty-one, assistant to Dauberton in that establishment in 1793, and the same year was made Professor Administrator. Dauberton recommended him to devote his attention principally to zoology, and, to use his own words, "to make zoology a science." The learned Professor has now lectured forty-seven years, and the obligations under which the scientific world lie to him are too well known to need comment. A commission of the Academy has been appointed to present a list of names to the king, out of which his majesty will choose a successor to the illustrious naturalist.

Madame Necker de Saussure, authoress of a work on "Progressive Education," and other books, died at Geneva, on April 14th, aged seventy-six.

The Ecole des Chartes has conferred the title of Archiviste Paléographe on Messrs. Bordier, Maslatrie, Vaulchier, and Bourquelot.

Techener, the antiquarian bookseller, has just published an exact reproduction of an inedited MS. from the Public Library of Lyons. It is of the sixteenth century, and refers to the civil and religious wars of France at that period: its title is "De Tristibus Francie," and it is got up with great taste.

At a meeting of the Historical Society of Zurich, on the 6th of March, Professor Hottinger read a fragment of a popular life of Ulrich Zwingli.—At a recent meeting of the Zurich Society of Antiquaries, M. Meyer read a valuable paper 'On the Devil's Wall,' that immense barrier which extended from the Rhine to the Danube, across the modern states of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden, raised by Adrian to mark the limits of the empire, and afterwards used as a defence against the barbarians.

M. Linkh died at Stuttgart on the 4th of April. This gentleman was known for his researches in Grecian antiquities, and for the share he had in the discovery of the Phigaleian Marbles.—The Chevalier de Chabert Ostland died at Vienna at the beginning of April. He was born at Constantinople in 1766, was received into the Oriental Academy in 1779, and professed the Oriental languages at Vienna for thirty-two years, from 1785 to 1817. All the living Orientalists of Austria have been his pupils. He has left a polyglot dictionary in French, German, Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, very nearly finished, after having been engaged on it for eighteen years.

M. Bruce White has published the first part of his "History of the Romande (Romance?) Languages and Literature." The work is to be in three volumes, and, from the character of its author, will be highly appreciated.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Ox Thursday, the 8th, the Earl of Clare presiding, a paper by Sir Thomas Phillips was read, 'On the Personal Changes of Names in Families, indicating Changes of the Reigning Dynasties.' Thus we could trace the Danish, Saxon, and Norman conquests in England, and the succession of the Stuarts, house of Orange, and that of Hanover or German. In like manner, the names of places were of historical interest. As, for instance, in Wales and Cornwall, where they remained as they originally stood,

and proved that these towns had never been conquered. In Yorkshire, in like manner, the traces of Norwegian and Danish settlements still existed. From the facts referred to, Sir Thomas thought that by a system of general comparison the gradual progress of the colonisation of Europe from Asia might be made out.—Part of a paper, by the Rev. A. B. Chapin, M.A., of the United States, was read. It consisted of an inquiry into the comparative chronology of the Egyptians and Hebrews, and an endeavour to harmonise both with the Chaldean. In the course of his argument, Mr. C. defended the authenticity of Manetho, whom some author had impugned.

Thursday last, Mr. L. Hayes Pettit in the chair, a very learned and recondite essay by Mr. Cullimore was read, 'On Parallel Periods of Time connected with the Dates of the Patriarchs of Israel.'

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.  
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.; Botanic, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 3 P.M.  
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.  
Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature (Anniversary), 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; Amateur Artists, 8 P.M.  
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.  
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.; Physical, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE GLASGOW WELLINGTON STATUE.

We observe by the "Glasgow Herald" of the 16th, that the sub-committee on the Wellington Memorial for that city have had a meeting, from which the press was excluded; and we cannot wonder at it, seeing that the inclination of a majority of ten to seven seemed to be in favour of the employment of a foreign artist in this (anti-) British job. The discussion, however, seemed to be rather a stormy one, and was finally ended by an adjournment. It may not, we trust, be too late to warn Glasgow against committing so gross and foolish an act of injustice towards our own school, in sculpture far superior to any continental art, and especially on a subject where national characteristics are most essential. No Frenchman, German, or Italian, can execute an adequate statue of an Englishman; and to engage one of them to undertake the task is not only an insult to the native rivals invited to compete with them, but an outrage upon good taste and common sense. Surely the wisdom of the Gorbels will reject the silly design?

## ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES.

We have been exceedingly gratified by the inspection of an unrivalled collection of Etruscan antiquities, in the possession of Mr. Hertz of Great Marlborough Street, in beauty and richness surpassing all the museums in Europe. From the jealousy and parsimony of the Italian governments, it happens that whenever any treasures of this kind are discovered by the peasantry in ancient tombs, they are secretly melted down, if gold; and if of less valuable materials, otherwise made away with; so that it is very rarely indeed that any of these precious relics are preserved, or smuggled out of the country. How Mr. Hertz's escaped we do not know; but they are magnificent specimens of the earliest arts, and wonderful evidence of the manners of a people nearly coeval with the first clear records of history. Most of the ornaments are of pure gold, and have obviously been formed to adorn the dead, for they are too slight to have been worn by the living.

They consist of greaves for the legs, girdles, armlets, bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings, corsets; and also of cups, bowls, patera, amphora, and sacrificial and other vessels for the altars of the gods. All are of exquisite workmanship, and display various devices modelled with the utmost elegance, as it would seem, by pressing the metal either with the hand or tools upon the figures (previously designed on a hard substance) intended to be represented. Thus, there are chariot-races, gymnastic exercises, animals of many different species, groups of mythological personages, nymphs, Venuses, Cupids, Minervas, Neptunes, &c., and borders of the most graceful patterns. The vessels are covered above, below, around, inside and out, with these admirable forms; and are made of two thin sheets of the gold laid together, like two leaves of paper, so that each can bear the subject desired to be impressed upon it. The whole are full of interest, and throw great light upon many points of antiquarian curiosity. Besides these, Mr. Hertz has a splendid cabinet of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman remains, gems, bronzes, signets, rings, vases, &c. &c., such as, perhaps, were never before seen in the possession of a single individual; and it is truly a favour of no small order to be permitted to examine a collection so matchless and unique.

#### NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

ON Tuesday we were admitted to a private view of this, the seventh, exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and it rejoices us to state that it marks a distinct and great advance in their efforts, and is altogether exceedingly pleasing and attractive. The gallery was too crowded to allow of our doing more than satisfy ourselves of the general merits of a collection of 308 subjects, and to glance at a few of the productions which from position or talent struck the eye in a hasty circuit of the rooms; of these we must, therefore, in the first instance, be content with giving a brief notice.

4. *The Dying Camel*, H. Warren, at the very entrance, caught us at once by its talent and sentiment. On the arid and heated desert lies the dead traveller, and above him the poor animal with its limbs tied to prevent his straying. His nostrils are raised aloft in agony, and his look proclaims his deep distress, whilst in the upper air hovers a bird of prey ready to pounce upon the perished group, which his keen sense has scented from afar. It is almost painful to look upon this representation; but, still, it is very pathetic.

19. *Dinner at Page's House*—*"Merry Wives of Windsor,"* E. H. Wehnert, is exaggerated and wants unction. The characters are well conceived, but the features of some are as if they were cut out of pasteboard, and the fat knight is a brawny, hard-featured fellow. The artist has not struck upon the national characteristics nor the humour of Shakspeare.

60. *The Oath of Vargas in the Conseil des Troubles*. I. Haghe.—A scene from the terrible government of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, A.D. 1567, when Vargas, his cruel and ferocious deputy, volunteered a dreadful oath against those infected with the plague-spot of heresy, and not even to spare the life of his own mother if she should be infected with it. This cruel fanatic anticipated by more than two centuries the sanguinary tribunals of revolutionary France, and deluged the scaffolds with blood whilst he filled his coffers with confiscations. Mr. Haghe has treated the story

admirably, and painted it with a richness and effect highly honourable to the art in which it is executed. The whole left side of the picture, from the feet of the cardinal to the margin of the frame, where the stern Alva is seated, is charmingly done; and on the right, where Vargas is registering his impious vow for heaven, there is a dark and grand solemnity, which contrasts forcibly with the ornament and splendour opposite. If we have a doubt to suggest, it is upon the figure and expression of the principal actor, Vargas himself. To us he seems to want the passion which the occasion would demand. But the able artist has made him severe and obdurate. Perhaps he is right, and the oath was a piece of cold bigotry, not of ardent revenge, which would require greater violence in the look and action. The painting is altogether a performance of the highest class.

75. *Rebekkah at the Well of Nahor*. H. Warren.—A beautiful drawing of a Scriptural subject, in which the servant of Abraham, with his camels drinking at the well, sees the damsel, who is "very fair to look upon," and presents her with the golden offerings of his patriarchal employer. Very different in every way from the foregoing work; it is, nevertheless, one of the chief ornaments of this Exhibition.

102. *The Apartment leading to the Banqueting Hall, &c.* John Chase.—This composition happily illustrates the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century. The tone of colour is good; and the figures introduced, both in costume and disposition, serve well to complete the idea of the able artist.

121. *Catering for the Mess-Table*, G. Howse, is a clever piece, and speaks of no risk of starvation in this service.

156. *The Battle of Agincourt*. H. Warren and C. H. Weigall.—A clash of arms indeed; kings, knights, warriors, horses, squires, footmen, banners, &c. &c. are tumbled about in "most admired disorder." There is much spirit and skilful painting in the thronged *mêlée*, and the chosen episode, if taken separately, abides the test of studious examination. It represents the rescue of the Duke of Gloucester by his brother, King Henry, the slaughter of the Duke of Alençon, and the advance of the Duke of Brabant without his armour. In the whole there is, however, a degree of closeness and confusion, no doubt such as might actually take place in such a conflict, which hardly leaves room for the mind of the spectator to feel the pictured realisation of a field like Agincourt.

171. *La Fleur searching for a lost Letter: Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."* John Absolom.—We have now so seldom any thing adopted from this once so widely popular a publication, which provoked the arts to hundreds of efforts, that a production of the kind is quite a novelty. Mr. Absolom has portrayed the whimsical dismay of La Fleur, and the inquisitive look and air of Madame de L.—in a very pleasing style.

180. *Falstaff, Bardolph, and Hostess*. W. K. Keeling.—A grotesque and lively scene from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," in which much originality was hardly to be expected. The drawing is, nevertheless, a favourite with us, and is well deserving of a corner in a Shaksperian collection.

214. *Mary Queen of Scots's (sic in Catalogue!) Farewell to France*. F. Rochard.—A charming performance, in which justice is done to the matchless beauty of the unfortunate Scottish queen bidding adieu to the polished court of France, to throw herself among the

stern and factions nobles of her own politically torn and religiously distracted country. Her attitude is sad, and her gaze towards the "*plaisant pays de France*," which she feels she never will behold again, is full of tender melancholy. Her attendants are well disposed on the deck of the vessel, leaving the principal unnumbered and distinct in the centre; and the sea and receding shore are sweetly painted.

217. *The Warning at Linlithgow*. W. H. Kearney.—Another Scottish prelude to a tragical history, and taken from Pitscotte, as referred to in "*Marmion*." It is possessed of considerable merit; but we cannot compliment the artist on having reached a very high degree of excellence.

230. *Griseble and the Markis*. Edward Corbould.—The well-known Clerke's Tale in Chaucer, so often repeated in every language, and in every form of poem, prose, or drama, has supplied Mr. Corbould with a subject in which nature, beauty, splendour, and chivalry seem to strive for the mastery in representation: and he has not failed in one of their requisites. Griseble is exquisitely beautiful, and the marquess noble in all the pomp of chivalrous accoutrement. The story is, indeed, charmingly told, and nothing wanted but more perspective to make this a perfect water-colour drawing.

241. *Arundel Castle, from the Park*. W. Robertson.—A very pretty landscape, and the long flat country in the distance particularly well depicted.

246. *The Treacherous Attack on Capt. P. Vere Broke by Three American Prisoners who had received Quarter*. T. S. Robins.—A bloody affair on the deck of the Shannon, in which the gallant captain (in a strange uniform) is giving the *coup de grace* to one of his assailants. The mixture is a curious admixture of good and bad.

252. *A Straw-Yard*. E. Duncan and C. H. Weigall.—Every kind of farming animal has a place in this straw-yard. The pigs grunt, the cocks crow, the ducks quack, in the foreground; horses feed and cows ruminate in the middle; and in the back there are the natural stacks, palings, and buildings, of the agricultural home. It is *multum in parvo*; and any farmer might be happy to possess such a stock.

263. *Portrait of a Gentleman, painted, by desire, as a German Student*. B. R. Green.—We conclude, for the present, with this variety, one of the firmest, best coloured, and identical performances in the line of portraiture which we have witnessed in this branch of the arts. We set out by saying we could only mention what struck us in a hurried survey, and this gentleman German student struck us very much.

#### ART-UNION.

ON Tuesday, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge presiding, at a meeting held in Willis's Rooms, the prizes of the present year were drawn, and distributed amongst the lucky few of 5012 members; the number last year being only 1959. Between the love of art and the love of lotteries (it is little matter which), we are glad to see such an increase, as it must, as far as it goes, tend to the encouragement of our native school. A Mr. Fry of Greenwich drew the capital prize of 300*l.*; and a Mr. Fry of Nottingham, 80*l.*; the 200*l.* fell to a Mr. T. D. Light; and a Mr. Ray got an 80*l.*; the lady of the Archbishop of Canterbury had a 20*l.*, and a Nunn, 50*l.*; an Angell, 75*l.*; and a Smallman, 50*l.*; so that altogether, except in the two Fry cases, Fortune seems to have dis-

tributed her favours with a fair, blind impartiality; and, indeed, in proof of this, allotted only a 10*l.* prize to a Farebrother! The money thus gained must be expended by the holders on pictures of relative value in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, British Institution, and Societies of Old and New Water-Colours, and British Artists; and a few thousand pounds annually laid out in this manner must do good.

### BIOGRAPHY.

RICHARD DAGLEY, ESQ.

IN our preceding No. we had the melancholy task to announce the decease, on the 1st instant, of an old and valued friend, Mr. Richard Dagley, whose remains we had previously attended to their last resting-place in Kensington churchyard. Mr. Dagley was born of respectable parentage in London, it is believed in 1764, and received his education at Christ's Hospital. On leaving school he was apprenticed to the trade of a jeweller, in those days somewhat different from what it now is, in consequence of the arts of designing, chasing, and painting, or drawing what was called hair-working, &c., being more closely connected with it than they have been since a greater division of labour and separate pursuits have been introduced. Original taste and the opportunities of study afforded by his mechanical occupation, where enamelled portraits were so frequently inlaid in the precious metals, soon led our young jeweller to a higher branch of art, and he became, professionally, a miniature-painter, but diverging, as his fancy led, into almost every other kind of pictorial composition. In this line Mr. Dagley continued for a considerable time, and acquired more of reputation than of emolument from his productions. He was then induced to settle at Doncaster as a teacher of drawing, and resided there during several years.\* It has always been observed that for an artist to quit London for the provinces, is almost to abandon the chance of rising to any eminence in the capital, should it ever be his lot to return thither. And so it was with our late friend. Restored to his old haunts and habits about twenty-five years ago, he took up the pencil more as an amateur than a professional man, and gratified his original mind by indulging in every variety which it suggested to his creative fancy. Paintings of poetical, mythological, historical, and familiar subjects, were executed as the incident or spirit of the hour prompted. Book illustrations were produced; new ideas were thrown out for future completion; and for several years he exhibited his unassuming performances amid the overwhelming mass which loaded the walls of the Exhibition in Somerset House. There they were not likely to attract notice, for, in truth, their execution was far inferior to the conception and design; and his little pieces, noticeable chiefly for imagination and invention, could not compete with the great works of our master hands.

At an earlier period of his life, Mr. Dagley had turned his attention to Literature in con-

nexion with the Fine Arts, and a beautiful little volume of "Gems selected from the Antique," with letterpress from his pen, was published by Mr. Murray, then of Fleet Street. This work introduced and recommended him to Mr. D'Israeli, whose "Flim Flams," &c. he illustrated in a very humorous style, inventing, *inter alia*, that personification which, with slight change, became afterwards so popular as the figure of Dr. Syntax. Thence he continued to enjoy the intimacy of the author, with whom, and with Mr. Douce, he was ever on terms of friendly and intellectual intercourse. The latter, in testimony of this, bequeathed him a legacy, among the few remembered in his dying will. Readily might Mr. Dagley have enlarged the circle of his estimable associates, but he was quiet and retired in his habits, and moderate in his means; and though high in the regard of all who knew him, he was happy in his domestic peace, and the society of a few whom he loved, with a heartfulness and a simplicity, very unlike the struggling world, since the golden age was imagined by the poet. Still he classed in the number other individuals of the highest attainments in literary and artistic pursuits; and we may mention the names of West, Stothard, Bone (the elder, and his worthy sons), Bond, Burnett, Croly, W. H. Watts, Stewardson, Tassie, &c. &c., as among the number. With Dr. Croly he published another volume of gems, principally from the antique, and others from Mr. Tassie's splendid collection, with beautiful poetical illustrations by the author of "Paris in 1815," "Catiline," and many other works of learning and genius. He also published a "Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Drawing and Painting," a book of most useful practical instruction, which reached a second edition in 1822; "Takings," a clever and entertaining miscellany, 1821; and, in 1827, "Death's Doings," the hint probably taken from Holbein's "Dance of Death," a humorous series of essays on the feats of the universal destroyer, after Mr. Dagley's designs, and which also received the meed of a second edition.

Soon after the establishment of the *Literary Gazette*, we had the good fortune to secure the cordial assistance and co-operation of Mr. Dagley; and it is only becoming in us to state that, from his long experience, attentive observation, taste, and knowledge, in every department of the fine arts, we derived much of that criticism which, we hesitate not to affirm, has rendered great service to our national school; been eminently encouraging and beneficial to hundreds of rising artists; and reflected no dishonour on the Journal in which it has appeared; for our friend entered entirely into the spirit of our purpose. Himself far from successful as an artist, no mean feeling of envy, no selfish consideration substituting detraction for praise, no paltry jealousy at the triumph of others ever poisoned his pure and liberal soul: on the contrary, his kindly and generous disposition was always warmly stirred to lift up the low, to advise the doubtful, to laud the deserving in every walk of art, and to promote to the utmost their prosperity and the advancement of the native school to which they belonged. And his extensive acquaintance with the performances of ancient masters, as well as with the productions of England for the half century in which England has assumed so prominent a position as not unworthy of furnishing their successors, enabled him, in a marked degree, to contribute to this auspicious end. Alas! it was but seen by a limited few how his fine

nature rejoiced when he had the opportunity of evincing his love for the arts in which he delighted, and serving the interests of his fellow-labourers in the field of their cultivation.

Of his private character, after this weak description of his more public attributes, we need say little. Simplicity and generosity, childlike truth and perfect sincerity, warmth of attachment and earnestness in fulfilling every laudable duty, were the all in all of the gifted and lamented Richard Dagley.

He had two elder brothers, Robert, the captain of an Indian; and Samuel, a chaser; who also turned to the arts: both dead. Of a numerous family of ten children, only one, a daughter, survives to mourn his loss. She inherits his talents, as is abundantly shewn by her writings, of which, "Fair Favourites," "The Birthday," and "The Village Nightingale," display the talent of her parent, modified and shaped into diversified forms by feminine grace and feeling. Well are these little volumes worthy of the attention of mothers and teachers, for they unite the most playful fancy with the inculcation of the best moral principles. Another mourner of his household may be mentioned in the person of Miss Cousins, a sister of his wife, whose novel of "The School for Mothers" was much approved by the public, and evinced that literature had a home in the humble dwelling which is now deprived of its chief ornament, support, and head. Mr. Dagley has, we understand, left a small competency for these interesting females.

For ourselves we scarcely know what to say in addition to this memoir, prepared with strong emotions of regret and sorrow. We loved the old man well. He was one of the rare beings with whom it has been our fate to hold converse through many years of changeable life, in which we have seen much of men his opposite in all we could admire and value; and we feel most sensibly that in him we have been parted from a friend so amiable and so good, that if the wish could have been entertained, we would have prayed that he might never die.

To the Memory of Mr. Richard Dagley, Artist.

(By an old Friend.)

SINCERE and manly—void of strife and guile,  
Kind in thy frown, and honest in thy smile;  
To every sense of pure affection warm,  
Thy child life's treasure, and thy art its charm.  
Dagley, 'twas thine in these ambitious days  
To win the right, yet shun the meed of praise;  
From probity's secure and modest way,  
Too wise to soar, and far too good to stray.  
To friendship firm, to justice more than true,  
Thou gav'st to pity what to self was due.  
Unchild'd by age, unmov'd by boding fears,  
Thy latest act hath wiped the orphan's tears;  
Thy latest sigh to love and prayer was given,  
Death's gentle passport to the Christian's heaven.  
B. H.

The Earl of Belmore died on Sunday the 18th inst. at Leamington, in his sixty-seventh year. His lordship travelled for some time in Egypt, and brought home an interesting collection of Egyptian antiquities, which were described in the *Literary Gazette* at the time. His lordship was a great patron and encourager of the Fine Arts, and among those whose promising talents recommended them to his lordship's attention on the banks of the Nile, we may mention Mr. Barry, the now so highly and justly celebrated architect, under whose hands some of the finest specimens of the art which adorn our country have risen, and to whom we confidently look for a local habitation worthy of the assembled legislators of the British empire. From what we have seen of the beginning of this edifice and its plans, we

\* Mrs. Hoffland.

\* It is rather a curious circumstance that among the many studies which the beauties of nature induced him to make in this neighbourhood, was one of a sylvan scene of peculiar character, which, when "Ivanhoe" was published, turned out to be the very spot, and the very trees, where, and under which, Gurth and Wamba met as described in the opening of that noble historical romance. So accurately had the artist sketched what the author so accurately described, that on shewing it to Sir Walter Scott, he at once recognised the identity, and good-humouredly observed that it would make an excellent vignette for his title-page. Sir Walter Scott was always much pleased with coincidences of this, or, indeed, of any sort.—*Ed. L. G.*

feel perfectly assured that its completion will be, what is too rare in our public buildings, an honour to the artist and a boast to the capital.

**Frederick Reynolds, Esq.**—We regret to have to announce the death of this veteran dramatist, at his house in Warren Street, on Friday the 16th, though he had exceeded the good old age of seventy-and-six years. We shall endeavour to obtain a memoir of a life so distinguished by services to the stage; and, in the meantime, we need only say of the departed, that in public and in private his talents were entitled to admiration, and his conduct and character to the highest esteem. He was the author of seventeen popular comedies; but wrote, we believe, nearly a hundred dramatic pieces.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### SONG.

Oh, sweet comes the grace of the young dewy morning,  
As queen-like she steps from her cloud-pillar'd hall;  
And lovely the rose-bud its wild home adorning,  
But Love's modest bloom is the sweetest of all.

And sweet is the glimpse of the moon o'er the ocean,  
Whose rays, like a blessing, upon our path fall;  
But the light that awakens the heart's first emotion,  
Oh, Love's stolen glance is the sweetest of all.

There's music in Nature, like deeper revelations  
Of memories passed which her voice would recall;  
There are tones that like angels may visit our feelings,  
But Love's whisper'd word is the sweetest of all.

C. SWAIN.

### THE DRAMA.

**Her Majesty's Theatre.**—On Tuesday the real opera season commenced with *Norma*, in which Grisi, Granchi, Lablache, and Mario appeared, and sang with charming accord and effect. An overture, composed by Mr. Roper, an amateur musician, and entirely in unison with Bellini's music, was introduced on the occasion, played to perfection, and deservedly applauded. It is almost surprising to observe how much greater advantage both the new lady and Signor Mario performed than when linked to a set of nobodies. The high competition into which they were thrown gave them a stimulus, and led to exertions which left the audience little or nothing to wish for. It is surely an excellent thing to be in and keep good company, on the stage as well as off. Guerra danced in a short divertissement (all the dancing of the night), and was wonderfully alert and active. And then we had opera the second, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Persiani, Rubini, and Tamburini, a trio not to be surpassed in Europe. It was truly a musical treat.

**Drury Lane.**—On Monday, Weber's *Oberon*\* was produced here to one of the best houses of the season. The composition is so well known that we need not speak of its execution, and of the getting up of the opera generally. Hiene-fetter's rich mellow tones fell meltingly on the ear in the charming music allotted to *Reiza*; Madame Schuman was all animation in *Fatima*; Haitzinger, soft, sweet, and harmonious as *Sir Huon*; and Herr Staudigl, rich in voice and effective in acting as *Sherasmin*. The choruses were, as usual, excellent; the dresses and scenery, handsome and appropriate; and the whole opera, the most satisfactory production of the season.

**English Opera House.**—*Il Paddy Whack in Italia*, written and composed by Lover, was produced here on Wednesday. To say that the music is Lover's, is at once to commend it, and

\* The *libretto*, published by Mr. Schloss, contains an interesting correspondence of the subject of the opera between Weber and Mr. Planché; and, noticing dramatic publications, we have to observe that Jerrold's ill-used "White Milliner" has also issued from the press.

to stamp it with the characteristics now so well known to all lovers of sweet sounds, and appreciated by the numerous admirers of our lyric composer. The piece is studded with gems—all beautiful; but "Molly Bawn" peculiarly so, and to hear Balfie sing it is a treat. The plot and incidents are meagre, but the dialogue here and there smart. Miss Gould and Miss Walstein, the latter a *débütante*, sustained the female, and Messrs. Wilson, Duruset, Stretton, Barker, and Balfie, the male characters. Where all musical efforts were good, no selection is necessary, but we cannot omit to name Miss Gould.

**Strand Theatre.**—This little theatre fills so well, and the company continue to amuse their audiences so thoroughly, that we scarcely deem it necessary to redeem our pledge of further notice. A domestic drama, in which Mrs. Keeley plays with truth and feeling; a helter-skelter Irish piece, wherein Mr. Hall sings "The Irish Wake" with much humour; and one of the ever-popular spectacle, musical, scenic, terrestrial, celestial extravaganzas, are the present entertainments. Other novelties, with attractive titles, are announced, shewing, at least, no lack of enterprise in the management.

### VARIETIES.

**H.B.**—Three new and very clever H.B. caricatures have just been launched, Nos. 675, 6, and 7. The first, "Cicero (Peel) in Catinianum," (O'Connell, Russell, Morpeth, Ebrington) *Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina*, &c. is really treated with a degree of classical beauty which makes it equal to a drawing of the highest class. The next is Lord Morpeth, *à la Liston*, in Billy Lackaday, weeping over the five-pound clause. It is extremely ludicrous; and the last, "A Scene from the 'Beggars' Opera,'" Macheath (Melbourne) between Polly and Lucy (Peel and Russell), is full of spirit. The figure of the Premier is perfect.

**Opening National Monuments, &c.**—On the motion of Mr. Hume, who has been indefatigable in the pursuit of this desirable object, a select committee of the House of Commons, with the usual powers, has been appointed to inquire into the expediency of opening our national monuments and public places to the people. The Committee consist of Messrs. Hume, Goulburn, Ewart, Mackinnon, Cowper, T. Duncombe, H. Broadwood, E. J. Stanley, H. T. Hope, Slaney, and Milnes, Colonel Salway, Sir G. de Lacy Evans, Lord F. Egerton, and Lord G. Somerset. When we observe how admirably what has already been done in this respect has answered every expectation of good, we cannot but anticipate a general adoption of so beneficial and patriotic a principle.

**Parhelion.**—From the window of the Star and Garter at Richmond on Sunday week, we witnessed a very beautiful instance of this beautiful phenomenon. The real sun was descending into a dark ashy coloured cloud in the horizon, above which his edge was just visible; and immediately in an upper stratum of a splendid deep rose colour, the mock sun appeared. It was only more brilliant than the surrounding cloud, perfectly defined, and about one-third more in diameter than the true luminary.

**South London Floricultural Society.**—The first exhibition of the season took place at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, on Tuesday, and the show was altogether gay and rich, notwithstanding the hard winter and precarious spring. The heart's-ease has become quite a feature in our floriculture, — so various in colours, so large in flower, and so curious in

appearance, with features as of every ancient mask. Azelias and other *ias* displayed many beauties; and vegetable specimens of great merit proved how well the members of the Society could mingle the *utile* with the *dulce* in the cultivation of their grounds. These associations are certainly eminently beneficial to the country, by encouraging the introduction and production of those delicious plants which adorn it (and every year adds numbers to the list), and those which increase its luxuries, and those which augment its wealth.

**Ballooning.**—The Paris journals assert that a certain M. S. (not manuscript, but Monsieur S.—anonymous) has perfected a method of steering balloons in the air in every direction, with the wind or against it; and that he performed this feat somewhere near the capital a few days before. There is a vagueness in the account which leads to suspicion.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Matthew Paris.**—A French Translation of the Works of our excellent old English Historian, Matthew Paris, has recently been published at Paris, under the care of the Duc de Luyne, a member of the Institute.

**In the Press.**  
Ancient and Modern York. By Robert R. Pearce.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Of the Apostasy predicted by St. Paul, by M. O'Sullivan, D.D., Part I., 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Deutsche Amerikaner, a Selection from German Authors, by W. H. Klattow, 8vo. 12mo. 8s.—The Holy Bible, with nearly Twenty Thousand Emendations, fcap. 12s. 6d. morocco.—Maxwell's Life of Wellington, 8vo. 11. 5s.; royal 8vo. 11. 7s.—Memoirs of a Sergeant of the Fifth Regiment of Foot, post 8vo. cloth, 3s.—Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XXXI.: Gies on the Revelation of God, 12mo. 5s.—Sir W. Scott's Poetry, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 11. 1s.—Sir W. Scott's Life of Swift, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Sir W. Scott's Life of Dryden, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Archbishop Usher's Body of Divinity, new edition, by H. Robinson, D.D. 8vo. 12s.—Rev. T. K. Arnold's First Latin Verse Book, 12mo. 2s.—Rev. T. K. Arnold's Second Latin Verse Book and Grammar, 12mo. 4s.—Bishop Patrick's Work of the Ministry, edited by W. B. Hawkins, 18mo. 3s.—The Wood-Spirit: a Novel, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s.—A Vocabulary of the Dialects of South-Western Australia, by Captain G. Grey, 18mo. second, 2s.—The Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testaments, by W. L. Alexander, 8vo. 12s.—Memoirs of British Female Missionaries, by J. Thompson, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Poetical Works of John Milton, 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.—Poetical Works of John Keats, 12mo. 5s.—Comic Tales and Sketches, edited by M. Tinsman, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s.—The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., and Life by T. Roscoe, 2 vols. medium 8vo. 11. 11. 6d.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 8	From 36 to 53	29.74 to 29.76
Friday .. 9	39 .. 54	29.80 .. 29.82
Saturday .. 10	34 .. 50	29.69 .. 29.67
Sunday .. 11	27 .. 49	29.64 .. 29.69
Monday .. 12	30 .. 47	29.66 .. 29.67
Tuesday .. 13	38 .. 50	29.69 .. 29.91
Wednesday .. 14	24 .. 43	29.69 .. 30.05
Thursday .. 15	31 .. 45	29.62 .. 29.70
Friday .. 16	29 .. 47	29.75 .. 29.79
Saturday .. 17	34 .. 53	29.80 .. 29.86
Sunday .. 18	28 .. 61	29.83 .. 29.86
Monday .. 19	40 .. 65	29.64 .. 29.65
Tuesday .. 20	33 .. 52	29.74 .. 29.63
Wednesday 21	34 .. 54	29.79 .. 29.85

Prevailing wind, S.W.

On the 8th, morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain and hail; the 9th, generally clear, a shower of rain in the afternoon; the 10th, evening clear, otherwise overcast; the 11th, morning cloudy with rain, otherwise clear; the 12th and following day, cloudy with rain; the 14th and morning of the 15th, clear, afternoon and evening of the 15th cloudy with rain; the 16th and 17th, generally clear; the 18th, afternoon clear, otherwise overcast; the 19th, generally clear, rain during the morning; the 20th, cloudy, the 21st, generally clear.

Rain fallen, .32 of an inch.  
Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines "To the Myrtle" convey a very pretty idea, and we fear we may not have room for them for some time, if at all. We have many previous poems standing over in type at this moment.

We have been obliged to defer our review of the second volume of the "Gypsies in Spain."

We have to thank the editor or publisher for the first Number of "Peeping Tom," a smart and entertaining miscellany on London life.

ERRATUM.—In notice of Mr. Carew's "Descent from the Cross," p. 252, line 12, for *belong* read *belonged*.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open daily from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## LITERARY FUND SOCIETY, for the

Protection and Relief of Authors of Genius and Learning and their Families, who may be in want or distress. Instituted 1790. Incorporated, by Royal Charter, 1815.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

President—The Marquess of LANDOWNE.

The Anniversary Dinner of this Society will take place on

WEDNESDAY, May 12, in Freemasons' Hall,

The Earl of RIFON, Vice-President, in the Chair.

Stewards.

Mr. Hon. T. B. Macaulay, M.P.  
Capt. Beaufort, R.N. F.R.S.  
Edward Brewster, Esq.  
Mark Lloyd, Esq.  
Benj. Bond-Cabell, Esq. F.R.S.  
The Lord Bishop of Chichester  
Chas. Norton-Cook, Esq. F.R.S.  
The Lord Colborne  
Charles Dickens, Esq.  
W. E. Gladstone, Esq. M.P.  
Mr. J. Gray, Esq. F.R.S.  
Rev. William John Hall  
The Lord Jocelyn  
Major Sir William Lloyd  
Tickets, 50s. each, may be had of the Secretaries at the Society's Chambers, 22 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The General Anniversary Meeting of the Society for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers, for the ensuing Year, and for other Business, will be held on Thursday, the 29th instant, at the Society's House, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

The Chair will be taken at Three o'clock precisely.

RICHARD CATERMOLE, Secretary.

## ARTS AND LITERATURE.—MR. JOHN

BURTON, Auctioneer, 69 Bold Street, Liverpool, respectfully intimates that his extensive Rooms are now open for the reception of Works of Art in Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and all Objects of Interest to the Antiquary and Virtuoso, in which skill or ingenuity in other Branches of the Arts has been exercised; and for Literary Property, of whatever description, intended for Sale.

Liverpool, owing to the wealth, the taste, and the liberality of her Merchants, being acknowledged one of the first Marts in the Empire for the disposal of Property of the descriptions above-mentioned, Mr. J. B. begs to call the attention of Executors, Dealers, and others, to the matter of this Advertisement, most respectfully soliciting their support, and assuring them that it will ever be his pleasure, as his duty, to discharge with promptitude the business committed to his trust.

References will gladly be given to parties requiring them.

25 Bold Street, Liverpool, 1841.

## ELECTRO-METALLURGY.—Apparatus

and Materials for conducting, on a large or small scale, the Electrotype in all its Branches, Electro-Gilding, Plating, Polishing, &c. described in Mme's "Elements of Electro-Metallurgy," published by Palmer, Newgate Street, and Longwood and Co. Paternoster Row, London, are manufactured and sold by E. Palmer, Philosophical Instrument Maker and Optician, 100 Newgate Street, London.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

**Valuable and Extensive Library.**  
MR. CAFE begs to inform the Public he

has fixed WEDNESDAY, May 5th, and Three following Days, at his Spacious Rooms, Great Marlborough Street, for the Sale of the very valuable and extensive

## LIBRARY

of the late NICHOLAS AYLWARD VIGORS, Esq. M.P. which comprises his splendid Collection of Books in Natural History, together with the best Works in Classical, Historical, and Miscellaneous Literature.

## Including—

Buffon, Montbeillard, & Bezon's Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux, 10 vols. French, green marbled. Auctioneer's Birds of America, 22 Numbers, with 100 exquisitely coloured Plates—Audubon and Vieillot's Oiseaux Dorés, 2 vols.—Vieillot's Histoire Naturelle des Oiseaux de l'Amerique, 124 Plates—Desmarest's Histoire Naturelle des Animaux, &c. 72 coloured Plates—Hardwicke's Illustrations of Indian Zoology, by Gray, 100 coloured Plates—Rerum Naturalium Theaurus, 4 vols. Russia—Temminck's Brucii des Planches Colores des Oiseaux, 351 coloured Plates—Dury's Illustrations of Natural History, 3 vols. red morocco—Eland's Natural History of Uncommon Birds, 7 vols. yellow morocco—Latham's Synopsis of Birds, 5 vols. Russia, gilt leaves—Pennant's Arctic Zoology, 3 vols.—Shaw's Zoology, 15 vols. in 26, gilt gilt—Dryden's Works, by Sir W. Scott, 10 vols.—Jortin's Works, 10 vols.—Swift's Works, 10 vols.—Alonso's Geographical and Historical Dictionary, by Thompson, 5 vols.—Byssinarius's Rerum Scripturae Varii, 30 vols.—Grevii's Rerum Antiquarum Illustration Italica, &c. 45 vols.—Muratori's Rerum Italicae Scripturae, 40 vols.—Cluverii's Rerum Antiquarum, 4 vols.—Sodini Opera, a Wilkins, 3 vols.—"Herberti's Bibliotheca Orientalis, 4 vols.—Prevost's Histoire Générale des Voyages, 9 vols.—Bodley's Neuland, 2 vols.—Cassini's Atlas, 4 vols.—Platoni Opera, Bipont, 12 vols.—Platarchi Opera, Bipont, 12 vols.—and a choice Assortment of Aulic, Elzevir, Stephens', Delphin, Variorum, and Library Classics.

The Whole of the Books are in very fine Condition. May be viewed on the Monday and Tuesday preceding the Sale. Catalogues had of Messrs. Burghoyne's, Thurst, and Clark, 20 Oxford Street; and of Mr. Cafe, at 61, each.

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of May will be published, in 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

Part I. of the

## HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE in

INDIA.

By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq.

Author of "India, its State and Prospects," &amp;c. &amp;c.

This Work, prepared from the most authentic Sources of Information, will be completed in about Twenty Monthly Parts. An Impression will also appear in royal 8vo. on superior paper, price 3s. 6d. each Part.

London: W. H. Allen and Co. Leadenhall Street.

On the 1st of May, corrected editions of

## MR. MURRAY'S HAND-BOOKS for

TRAVELLERS.

1. Holland, Belgium, Prussia, North Germany, and on the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland. Map. Post 8vo. 10s. bound.

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CHRISTIANS, settled in OROOUMIA, and among the Mountains of Kurdistan, in Ancient Assyria and Media, with Evidence of their Identity with the Lost Tribes of Israel.

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## FRAGMENTS from GERMAN PROSE

WRITERS.

Translated by SARAH AUSTIN.

Illustrated with Notes.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

On Monday next, April 26, will be published, the

Third Volume of

## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY

GRATTAN.

By his SON, HENRY GRATTAN, Esq. M.P.

Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

The following Periodical Works for May 1841 will be published by Charles Knight and Co.:

## THE PICTORIAL EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE, Part XXXII. (The Tempest), in super-royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Pictorial History of England, Part LI.; being Part V. of the Reign of George III. price 2s.

London, Part II. price 1s. 6d.; published also in Weekly Numbers, price 4d.

The Penny Magazine, Part IV. (New Series), price 6d.

The Penny Cyclopædia, Part XCIX. price 1s. 6d.

The Penny Cyclopædia, New Monthly Issue, Vol. XVI. price 7s. 6d. cloth boards.

Knight's Miscellanies: Paston Letters, Vol. II. price 5s.

The Guide to Service—the Baker, price 1s.

Also,

Sketches of China. By J. P. Davis. In 2 vols. post 8vo. price 16s.

Drawings of Genius. By Ann Pratt. Price 3s.

The Field, Garden, and Woodland. By Ann Pratt. 2d edition, price 4s.

Ludgate Street, April 1841.

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## JOURNAL of a RESIDENCE of TWO YEARS and a HALF in GREAT BRITAIN.

By JEHANGHER NOWROJEE and HIRAKERHOO MERWANJEE,

Of Bombay, Naval Architects.

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## ARCANAE ENTOMOLOGICA; or, Illustrations of New, Rare, and Interesting Exotic Insects.

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